



COLLEGE LAYS





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AYS

OF THE

OLLEGES

BEING A

Collection of Songs and Verses

BY MEMBERS OF

THE ÆSCULAPIAN, MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL,

AND OTHER

PROFESSIONAL CLUBS IN EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 SOUTH BRIDGE.

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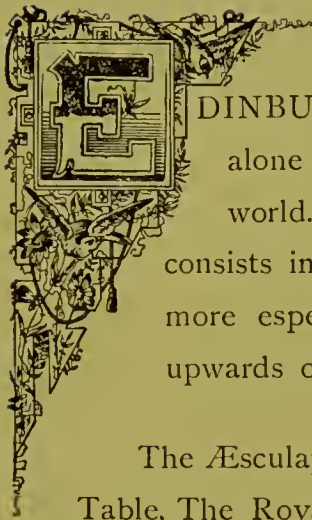
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PREFACE.



DINBURGH in many of its aspects stands alone among the great historical cities of the world. One of its distinctive characteristics consists in the social meetings of its professional—more especially its medical—clubs, some of them upwards of a hundred years old.

The Æsculapian, The Medico-Chirurgical, The Round Table, The Royal Society Club, and other such convivial associations, are unique in their nature and quaint in their constitution.

The chief object of each and all of them is the relaxation and emancipation for a few hours, at stated periods, of their members from the strain and care and anxiety of professional life; and the privileged guest or visitor at any of their Symposia invariably leaves with regret that his name is not upon the roll of membership.

All such favoured outsiders—besides a host of others—have from time to time expressed a wish to become possessed of certain of the songs they may have heard or the rhymes to which they may have listened at these festive gatherings. The object of the publishers has been to supply this want ; and some of the most widely known and most favourite effusions will be met with in the following pages.

All of them have been written for pastime, not for show ; it never was contemplated when they were originally penned that they should ever meet the public eye, or face the trying ordeal of literary criticism.

No malevolence or heart-burnings taint their spirit : a spirit that would rather every little failing or peculiarity extenuate than set down aught in malice. In all their chaffing no offence was meant, and at it none assuredly was ever taken. Each of the little knot of friends wrote to please himself, and amuse or entertain his companions, while anything like literary achievement or renown was neither sought for nor expected.

Some of these contributors are now silent for ever. The blanks thus left will not easily be filled up. Other kindred spirits, let us hope nevertheless, may ever and anon arise to take the place of those departed ; for it would be a dismal

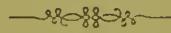
and unwholesome prospect to suppose a day was coming when there would be none to write, and none to appreciate, such lucubrations as the College Lays.

Finally, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy ; and there is perhaps no better illustration than is exhibited in the names of the authors contained in this volume, that high professional attainments and reputation are not incompatible with adopting the old adage—*Dulce est desipere in loco*.





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COLLEGE LAYS.

THE MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL CLUB IN 1868.

Tune—"Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife."



SING of a Club which meets every month,
For supper and gossip at Slaney's;¹
Into which, if you be not a right hearty brick,
To seek for admission quite vain is.
That Club, which for many long years has embraced
The *élite* of Physicians and Surgeons,
Discourses with freedom elsewhere quite unknown
Unless in these sermons of Spurgeon's,

On things of the State, on things of the Church,
Things artistic, in manner refreshing ;
Things prosaic, poetic—all subjects, in short,
Barring those which concern the profession.

¹ "The Douglas Hotel," St Andrew Square (now an Insurance Office), at which the meetings of the Club were then held.

Whilst they wash down with beakers of toddy the grub—
Oysters, spatch cock, crab pies, and hashed venison—
Huge draughts they imbibe from the authors in prose,
And poets from Chaucer to Tennyson.

They've bards of their own, who provide them with songs—
Smith, Wood, and that veteran Maclagan,
Who with rhymes good or halting enliven the board,
And the converse sustain when it's flagging.
Puns and jokes of all kinds are flying like mad,
Whilst their liquor they constantly call for ;
Wood's puns are the worst, but nearly as bad
The "dry specimens" are of John Balfour.

Maclagan's our Laureate, and long has been so ;
He writes and he sings songs enchanting ;
His Muse is prolific, and varied his themes—
From "*Glen Tilt*" to "*Cold Water*" and *Banting*."
Though rivals may rise, he stands quite alone,
The palm bears and beats them quite hollow ;
Should any one dare with Laureate to vie,
'Twere a contest 'twixt Pan and Apollo.

But who is that big burly fellow, who loud
Is calling for rum to the waiter ?
If you'll promise a secret to keep I will tell—
'Tis suspected he's *Fabius Cunctator*,

Who writes trashy song by the yard, year by year,
In the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, sir,
Whom while Ben Disra-e-li and Derby he lauds,
Neither Bright, Beales, nor Gladstone can daunt, sir.

Then *Simpson, Sir James*, but rarely attends,
I suppose he's engross'd with his *labours* ;
More interest he now for his *principle* seeks,
With Playfair and Young for his neighbours ;
Yet his *principal* duties he'd like to increase
Though his *practice* we know is extensive,
He'd small-pox extinguish, and Pyramid Smyth
In a manner which Smyth thinks offensive.

There is *Smith No. 1*, who takes care of our brains,
And hence has been called the *controller* ;
He's an eye in his head that its vain to resist
In putting down royst'ring and choler.
There's *Smith No. 2*, who when fairly *drawn out*,
Shows he's draughtsman, musician, and scholar,
And makes us respect him, *in spite of our teeth*,
Incisor, tricuspid, and molar.

Then *Sanders'* tongue travels at such a good rate,
I hardly think he's got *aphasia* ;
At least you have heard him pour forth his discourse
So sprightly, as quite to amaze ye a'.

Next *Turner* has shown himself thoroughly vers'd
In the *use of the muscles of laughing*,
Demonstrative he, he's prepared to *dissect*
The organs of joking and chaffing.

George Patcrson, too, sometimes ventures a pun,
But it smells somewhat of the Asylum;
He's now round and jolly, though formerly thin,
When Physician at Tiverton whilecom.
Though we've no Robin Hood, yet we've got *Little-John*,
Who takes care of the health of the city—
Of police, too, he's Surgeon, and never at rest
Under Ford of the Council Committee.

When our excellent *Sec. Willie Brown* late we lost,
We hardly knew who should be called in;
But, after consulting, we thought we were safe
In choosing that clever chap *Haldane*.
Though his *minutes* are good, it's of moment to note,
That of late, under some strong attraction,
Whole *hours* to the Club which he's found to devote
Have been spent quite regardless of paction.

Time fails me to tell of the rest of the Club—
Dumbreck, Dunsmure, Spence, and Bob Omond.
Dumbreck as an angler cannot be surpassed,
From Berwickshire west to Ben Lomond.

Spence's soul is wrapped up in the Surgeon's high art,
Which with skill he pursues and with patience ;
Whilst *Dunsmure* and *Omond*, if all tales be true,
Dabble sometimes in *Stock operations*.

I had almost forgotten *that* bachelor *Sam*,
Who of *Ampherlaw* long has been laird, sir ;
The Physicians their money entrust to his charge,
And he 's sure to say none can be spared, sir.
And yet there 's another I must not leave out
(My memory I fear 's somewhat cloudy) ;
'Tis *Malcolm*, whose carriage is ne'er off the streets
As he plies his vocation of *howdie*.

In a Club so composed, though far from *composed*,
In spite of *Smith's* utmost exertions,
I need not relate that there 's frolic and fun,
Mirth, high-jinks, and such like deversions.
'Tis good on occasion for us to relax
From the cares of an anxious profession ;
So long live the Club, and our own noble selves,
May we flourish for every occasion !

A. W.

March 1868.



THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Tune—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THE Professor of Botany eloquent waxed,
As he ran o'er the keys both of joy and of grief;
His theme to illustrate, his brains well he taxed,
But his climax, no doubt, was "the fall of the leaf."

In *natural order* his subjects arranged,
From his tongue glibly fell—how I wish'd he'd be brief;
Though calmly I listened, my countenance changed,
When sudden I gazed on "the fall of the leaf."

His *budding* oration expanded too fast—
So fast that in vain did I seek for relief;
He was nearing the goal—all the danger seemed past—
When envious fate brought "the fall of the leaf."

Yet no *stigma* on him might that accident bring,
Nor his *laurels* could *it* filch away like a thief;
His fame as a Botanist loudly I'll sing,
For *that* will not fade like "the fall of the leaf."

His *style* may be flowery, but *stamina* still
Will render him firm as a strong coral reef;
You may *petulant carp*, but you ne'er will do ill
To one who's unmoved by "the fall of the leaf."

I'll *pistol* that man who my friend dares *impeach*;
I'll shove through his vitals of arrows a sheaf;
Let him *pine*—let him *droop*—let him mercy beseech;
Let him *wither*—*decay*—like "the fall of the leaf."

No *Radical* he, for true-blue is his plume;
His *Con-scrv-a-TORY*, it mocks all belief,
There his *palms* and his *orchids* are seen in full bloom,
In winter, spring, summer, and "fall of the leaf."

Then your chalices fill—fill with *nectar* so sweet,
A feast let us have of plum pudding and beef;
The worthy Professor with plaudits we'll greet,
And him we'll console for "the fall of the leaf."

Then long live John Balfour, and long may he teach
Those subjects of which *woody fibre's* the chief;
May the *fruits* of his labours maturity reach
E'er we're called to lament for "the fall of the leaf."

A. W.

August 3, 1869.

These lines were suggested by an incident of the capping of the Medical Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, 1869, when Professor Balfour, the Promoter of the year, whilst discoursing most eloquently, by a *tour de main* sent the *leaves* of his MS. flying in all directions, till the ground near where he stood was strewed with them in admired confusion.

A POLITICAL LESSON IN RHYME,
ON AN OLD MODEL.

SHOULD Whigs delight to bark and bite,
As oft we see them do ?
Should Rads and Leaguers growl and fight ?
Yes, 'tis their nature to.

Says Labouchere to Enfield, " You
Most surely are a sneak."
Enfield, enraged, says in reply,
" The truth you cannot speak."

Says Beales to Bradlaugh, " Traitor ! you,
Unlike a friend and brother,
Have cut me out of Parliament ;"
Says Bradlaugh, " You 're another."

M'Lagan says that " Pender bribes ;"
Pender says, " That 's a lie."
Who shall decide who 's in the right ?
That task I shall not try.

Then Boyd Kinnear tells Anstruther,
In rude, ungentle fashion,
That bribes and Tories brought *him* in—
In turn *he* yields to passion.

With Tories, Tories do agree ;
But 'tis a shameful sight,
When members of one party thus
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Ah, Liberals ! you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Of charity more *liberal* be,
Nor tear each others' eyes.

A. W.

Nov. 1868.



THE FEMALE DOCTORS.

Tune—"Sprig of Shillelagh."

THAT women of late have increased—are increasing—
In ratio that threatens to prove quite unceasing
Is fact, painful fact, which *cannot* be denied.
There are too many females—too little employment ;
Then what 's to be done to increase their enjoyment ?
Some ladies have struck out a new proposition—
Why not the profession embrace of physician ?
A plan which in reason one should not deride.

When women have once taken up a decision,
Very hard 'tis to drive them from out their position.
At the door for admission they steadily knock'd,
Importunate widow, importunate maid,
Unceasingly clamour'd, nor tired, nor afraid ;
At *one* door rejected, they then tried another,
And Board after Board they continued to bother,
Till *our* University *its* door unlock'd.

To teach them Anatomy first they applied
To Turner and Handyside, who both denied
To lend them assistance *the subject* to learn.
As *they'd* not be tempted by love or by siller,
Despairing, these ladies went off to John Millar,
Who *boned* them at once, for *he* thought it correct—
Although I don't think so—that they should dissect
The viscera, muscles, and joints in their turn.

Our *hearts* which with love for the ladies oft beat,
These ladies to cut up will reckon a treat,
And explore their recesses, their valves, and their walls.
Hard-*hearted* they think Dr Phin—even rude,
And they're *heartily* glad they're now out of the *wood*;
'Gainst their foes I suspect that they cherish some *spleen*,
For them all their revenge has a stomach, I ween,
And nothing their ardour e'er daunts or appals.

But somewhat discouraged and somewhat cast down,
A *crumb* of true comfort they've got from Crum Brown,
Who'll teach them affinities, atoms, and all.
Professor Hughes Bennett they say, too, is busy
Preparing expurgated lectures on Physi-
Ological science adapted for ladies,
For which he ten guineas per head, they say, paid is—
The honour is great—honorarium small.

Then Simpson, Sir James, is their friend strong as ever :
 He's the boy who from pains and from toils can deliver
 These poor oppress'd females in quest of degrees ;
 He favours their crotchet—for he has no mind
 That woman, dear woman, should still be *confined*
 Within those poor limits which old-fangled fogies
 For them would prescribe, whilst they conjure up bogies,
 Sentimental humbug, not at all like the cheese.

In days antiquated the ladies did stitch,
 And plied well their *needles*, but now they've an itch
 To try *acupressure*, which Simpson devised,
 Needlework they think needless—pin-money they spend
 On pins that are used hare-lip gashes to mend,
 'Stead of *puddings* they poultices make with high art,
 And if you should chaff them they'll answer you *tart*,
 And show you that they'll be by no means despised.

Stay at home was the motto of women of old ;
 Ste-a-to-matous tumours are now, we are told,
 Familiar to masculine-feminine *swells*.
 To make the pot *boil* painful *boils* they'll incise,
 Brooches set with *carbuncles* no longer they'll prize,
 The jewels they love are these jewels of *peril*—
Carbuncles, the terror of peasant and earl,
 On which one with horror, nay agony, dwells.

“Then here 's to the ladies whose merits surpassing,
In eloquent phrases were lauded by Masson ;
Who told us how wide—nay, how boundless their sphere.”
Old maids we no longer need send to the attics,
Attic Greek let us teach them, and pure mathematics,
In science and classics they 're more than a match
For men, as most clearly was proved by that batch
Of these fine learned women—regardless of fear.

“This fear of the ladies,” our Principal cried ;
“This talk of *their sphere*,” sturdy Masson replied,
“Is nothing but rubbish”—and just like a whale.
As the *flus* of a whale rudimentary arms
Undoubtedly are ; so mere groans and alarms
Are Phin's rudimentary arms 'gainst the women,
We well may consider, and think that he 's dreaming,
And thus we shall bring to a *Fin*-is our tale.

A. W.

1st Nov. 1867.



THE LAY OF THE MEDICAL GRADUATE, 1877.

Tune—"There's nae Luck about the House."

A T last by touch of mystic cap
I'm a full-fledged M.B.
And taller by an inch I feel
Puff'd up with dignity.
I'm licensed now to kill or cure
Where'er I may repair,
And I by law can fees exact—
If on the Register.

Chorus.—So fill a bumper round, my boys,
And drink our Alma Mater,
We'll pledge her here in rosy wine,
And leave to fools cold water.

I'm now a man of consequence,
That easily I note,
For Whig and Tory touters try
How best to get my vote ;

How very generous 'tis of them
 To proffer thus their aid,
 But are they sure how I may vote
 When they 've my guinea paid ?

I pity undergraduates,
 But wish them all good luck,
 Let them but study hard like me,
 Then they need fear no *pluck*.
 O what a jolly thing it is
 That I 've passed my exam.,
 Thrown off the funk of many months,
 And bade adieu to cram.

For Woody-fibre's questions
 I now care not a jot ;
 As for Crum Brown's analyses
 I send them all to pot.
 My weary bones I 'm fain to rest
 From Turner's bones set free,
 And Spence's anxious countenance
 No terrors has for me.

From Simpson I 'm delivered, too,
 For now my labour's o'er,
 I 've all the stages safely passed
 Although my pains were sore.

To save me now from Lister's hands
Needs no carbolic spray,
But sorry shall we be, my boys,
When he has gone away.

No more in English accents fine
Shall Rutherford propound
To me in Physiology
His questions so profound ;
And Saunder's morbid specimens
No more shall puzzle me,
Although as an examiner
He fair is as can be.

I must confess I felt a qualm
In spite of all resistance,
When on Maclagan's themes I mused,
They poison'd my existence ;
But with assurance I became
At Public Health *au fait*,
And then my private health improved,
That truly I can say.

I in a fever was when I
On Grainger Stewart thought,
" He's a new broom, he may sweep clean
And sad may be my lot."—

But though severe the sweating stage
Through which I anxious passed,
To my expected hopes there came
A crisis good at last.

Long life to our professors, then,
We 'll toast them every one,
Them we respect especially
Now that with them we 're done.
Unto our noble selves likewise
We 'll in a toast unite,
Whate'er our fate, where'er we roam,
We 'll not forget to-night.

A. W.



THE ÆSCULAPIAN CONTROVERSY.*

Vertere v. Premere.

“Et verso pollice vulgus
Quem jubet occidunt populariter.”
Juvenal, Sat. iii. v. 36.

THESE words from Juvenal most plainly say,
That *the thumb upward turn'd* denotes: to slay.
So HALDANE after all was right,—we owe him
Of claret good a jolly Jeroboam;
And we, with *thumbs down press'd*, unconsciously
Guilty Gillespie from a fine set free.
Alas, that we forget that classic knowledge,
Which once we had imbibed at school and college!
Least said is soonest mended—let 's be mum,
On that, in vulgar phrase, we 'll clap our *thumb*;
To take that course methinks, from all we see,
Will be our best, our only *policy*.
’Twixt *vertere* the question is and *premere*,
And what these two words mean, has taxed our memory.
Utroque pollice we 'll HALDANE laud,
As for ourselves we 'll humbly kiss the rod.

* Written on the occasion of Dr J. D. Gillespie accepting a dinner invitation for the evening of the Æsculapian Meeting, and departing from the rule that all members intending to be absent should intimate this to the Secretary. The Æsculapians, in considering his misdemeanour, were divided in their opinions whether he should be fined, and it was put to them to decide by the classical “rule of thumb.”

Castor and *Pollux* ! Now o'er us he'll crow !
His thumb he might upturn while we lie low,
And show us how we've more than met our match,
By that dread signal which implies, despatch.
GEORGE PATERSON, too, gives his recitation ;
He once was thin, now sports a corporation.
Then as for WOOD and BALFOUR—these old boys,
When they together get, expect a noise.
'Mongst us pure Surgery is represented well,
By LISTER, WATSON, DUNCAN JOHN, JOE BELL.
A dinner good depend on 't 's antiseptic,
That is a point on which there is no sceptic ;
Here for a time they cease from bloody work,
But keep their hands in with their knife and fork.
And Physic old and young its *quota* sends,
Where each one, e'en the most demure, unbends.
To HALDANE, SANDERS, ROBERT PATERSON,
We've added lately MUIRHEAD, a young one ;
Their sphygmographs, percussors, stethoscopes,
With which in darkness the physician gropes,
Discarded for the nonce, each here reposes,
And makes of wines and entrées diagnosis.
Here MALCOLM, DUNSMURE, MATTHEWS DUNCAN, WEIR,
Those busy accoucheurs, seek in good cheer
From *labour* rest, also from labour's dangers,
Rest too from welcoming the little strangers.
Next to SMITH, *junior*, I would draw attention,
So versatile, and yet without pretension.

He'll draw a tooth, a portrait, fiddle-bow,
How he can draw a minute well we know,
Can sing a song all of his own inditing,
In short, a second Admirable Crichton,
And, by the claret sooth'd, his *thumb press down*.

GILLESPIE'S guilt will all the same remain,
Let him beware of doing it again ;
For though he by a fluke escaped this time,
Yet his undoubtedly was a great crime,
And not the less because of his excuse,
Which to endorse we steadfastly refuse,
Though Justice-Generals a thousand he
Were ask'd to meet, and hundreds like Macnee,
Yet never should such wiles his heart trepan
And make him shirk the Æsculapian.
O what a privilege to have a seat
Where mirth and laughter, fun and frolic meet,
Where we with Attic salt the dishes season,
And join to flow of soul the feast of reason,
Where for a time we bid old Care adieu,
And thus our spirits raise, our health renew!
If any one would carry fun to riot,
I'd say to him, in warning, Only try it ;
As sure as fate, there down on you will pounce
A stern CONTROLLER, who'll you soundly trounce.
Bad puns you'll have in dozens, lots of chaff,
Yet never mind, if they but make you laugh.

A BARD we keep, he's CUSTOS ROTULORUM,
Who'll sing you songs, and push about the jorum.
Search Scotland o'er, from Orkney to Ben Lomond,
Where Secretary will you find like Omond?
His office he has held for many a year
With great applause, and acted as Croupier;
A labour his of love. What e'er the cost,
He does not think that 'tis love's labour lost.
In Turner we've a capital good fellow,
A famous boon companion, ripe and mellow.
The Chairman's duties on this late occasion
He faithfully fulfilled with approbation—
Yet stay!—I had forgot—it was not good
He Æsculapians call'd a brotherhood,
A proper notion Matthews Duncan took
When he administer'd his stern rebuke,
If it was penal them to call a Club,
'Twas monstrous them a brotherhood to dub.
Of yet one other member I've to tell,
That grave and reverend sire BENJAMIN BELI,
Though last not least in our dear love confess
That well he merits Ben's quintuple mess.
My story's done, I'm tired, and so are you,
But somehow all I've managed to get through.
And thus I finish this poor doggrel poem
Which took its rise in the said Jeroboam.

A. W.

7th March 1877.

In Memoriam.

W. T. WOOD, DIED 28TH SEPT., 1874.

“Peace, perfect peace, and light !” *

DEAR WILL ! thy days were few on earth
’Gainst sickness hard thy fight ;
But God in mercy sent at last
Peace, perfect peace, and light.

How gentle, calm, un murmuring,
’Midst pain and weariness ;
Who would not fly to give thee ease,
And lighten thy distress ?

So quiet, thoughtful, and reserved,
So brave—so tender, too ;
So loving, and so fondly loved,
So guileless, and so true.

* Dr Wood’s son calmly gave up life’s latest breath with these words on his lips.

O many a weary day thou pass'd,
And many a weary night ;
At times 'twas dark, at last thou found
Peace, perfect peace, and light.

I thought my heart would break when I
Look'd on thy pale wan face ;
And when I watch'd from day to day
Thy young life ebb apace.

Now all is o'er,—the struggle's o'er,
From sin and pain released ;
Thou'rt in that bright and glorious land,
Where anxious cares have ceased.

Lo ! at the gate an angel band—
Three sisters—three surround ;
To lead thee to that Saviour dear
Whom they had sought and found.

Joy, joy for them ! Joy, joy for thee
Put on thy robe of white ;
Thou'st found on earth, in heaven thou'lt keep,
Peace, perfect peace, and light.

A. W.

THE TIME IS DRAWING NEAR.

N O longer through my veins the tide
Of youthful blood runs clear ;
In dull and sluggish stream it flows,—
The time is drawing near.

I once could breast the mountain steep,
With vigour—without fear ;
Now I must trembling totter down,—
The time is drawing near.

The thin gray hairs, the waning strength,
Remind me year by year,
That this my home on earth to leave,—
The time is drawing near.

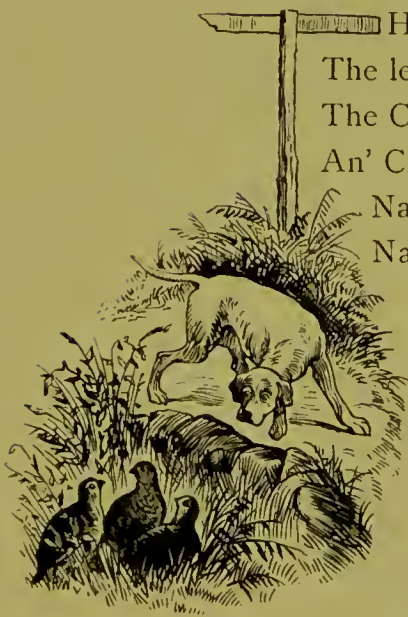
Here fortune, health, e'en friends, may fail
With little left to cheer ;
But why repine ? for bliss beyond,
The time is drawing near.

A. W.



HEATHER.

Air—"Roy's Wife."



HE College lads are noo awa',
 The lecture-rooms are a' desertit,
 The Coort o' Session's closed its Ha',
 An' Clerks an' Judges are departit ;
 Nae langer dreich Professors drone,
 Nae langer glib-tongued lawyers blether,
 The feck o' folk has left the toon,
 An' I maun aff to tread the heather ;
 Up amang the bonnie heather,
 Ne'er a thocht o' win' or weather.

Free ance mair,
 In caller air,
 To tread the bonnie bloomin' heather.

John Dickson's filled my cartridge-box
 Wi' due supply o' ammunition ;
 He has look'd o'er the springs an' locks
 And says the gun's in prime condition ;

My jacket 's on ; my weel-creeshed buits
 Are saft as kid, though stoot in leather,
 An' lambs'-woo' hose about my cuits,
 I'm ready noo to tread the heather.

Up among the bonnie heather,
 Freec frae ilka sort o' bather,
 Put aff the cark
 An' care o' wark,
 An' blithely tread the bloomin' heather.

I 'll no get up at skriech o' day,
 My stren'th wi' needless toil consumin',
 Eneuch 's guid 's a feast, they say,
 I 'll hae cneuch afore the gloamin'.
 Oh ! could some philosophic chiel'
 Explain to me some way or ither,
 Hoo hills were no sae hard to spiel
 When first I used to tread the heather.

But tho' I 'm no' jist a' thegither,
 As soople as a black-faced wether.
 Though somethin' auld
 An' no sae yauld,
 I yet ha'e spunk to tread the heather.

The Twal'th is come, the mornin' 's fair,
 Frae aff the hill the mist is clearin';
 There is nae time for sleepin' mair,
 For half an 'oor the Laird 's been steerin';

The powney's saddled at the door ;
He bears me aff as licht 's a feather,
And saves the bittock to the muir,
An' noo I'm fairly on the heather.
Up amang the purple heather,
No a flower that man can gather
Frac garden fair
Or greenhouse rare
Can beat the bonnie bloomin' heather.

The keeper's at his trystin' place
Wi' a' his dogs around him sittin',
It's money's worth to see his face
An' get his hearty Hielan' greetin' !
The very dogs are yelpin' fain
An' like to break the couplin' leather,
So glad to see us oot again
Wi' gun in han' upon the heather.
Up upon the bonnie heather,
Like a cowt that's slipt the tether,
Sae brisk I feel
An' licht o' heel,
I'm fit to canter o'er the heather.

There's "Die," the bonnie black an' tan,
The very pictur' o' a setter,
Ye'll hae to travel roon' the lan'
Afore ye'll licht upon a better :

Uncouple her and let her gang,
 She gallops fleetly here and thither,
 She's got the win', she'll no' be lang
 O' findin' birds among the heather.
 Just look, when scamp'rin' o'er the heather
 At ance she stops wi'oot a swither,
 For sittin' close
 Afore her nose
 She's got the birds amang the heather.

We needna hurry up sae keen,
 To blaw the breath oot o' our body,
 She'll stan' as still as if she'd been
 Cut oot o' stane by Steell or Brodie.
 We're at her side ; then in the air
 The covey springs wi' mickle flither—
 The Laird has twa, and I twa mair,
 O' bonnie grouse upon the heather.
 I'm glad to fin' whan on the heather
 I haena just tint a' thegither
 The art to aim
 At fleein' game,
 An' bring them doon upon the heather.

It's pipin' het by afternoon,
 An' men an' dogs are sair forfeuchen,
 Beside the spring we'll set us doon
 Oor legs to rest and throats to slocken.

Oor luncheon is a modest chack,
Oor drink comes fresh frae earth oor mither,
The grass oor seat, and at oor back
A springy buss o' purple heather.
An' sae we hae among the heather
A canty crack wi' ane anither,
O' sporting days
Amang the braes,
That we hae had wi' ane anither.

An' even though oor bag were toom,
Instead o' twenty brace it's haddin',
It would be worth oor while to come
An' view the sicht that's roon' us spreadin';
It's gran' to see the Hielan' hills,
Though a' their names we canna gether
That lift their heids, dour solem' chieks,
Say heich abune oor braes o' heather.
Frac a seat amang the heather,
Stan' they single or thegither,
Scottish e'e
Is prood to see
Oor Hielan' hills an' braes o' heather.

It's time to gang. We'll cast across
Up to the fence upon the riggin',
Synce doon the brace an' through the moss
Whar' last year's peats they ha'e been diggin';

The birds this day like stanes ha'e sat,
As weel they may in siccan weather,
Sae gin oor bag be licht, the fau't
Maun be wi' them that tread the heather.
 An' sae amang the bonnie heather
 The Laird and me tramp on thegither,
 Through moss an' hag
 To fill oor bag
Wi' bonnie grouse frac oot the heather.

I maistly shoot like ither folk,
But yet I'm no abune confessin',
That noo an' then its past a joke,
The easy chances I've been missin';
For whiles I make a dooble din,
An' then I glower and wonder whether
I hadna put straicht poother in,
For ne'er a grouse is on the heather.
 Yet noo an' than upon the heather
 I in my bannet stick a feather,
 When, aimin' richt,
 The e'e I dicht
O' some anc else upon the heather.

It's late. We've walked an' shot eneuch,
An' I begin to feel some hunger,
An' that my legs are no sac teuch
As they ha'e been when I was younger;

The sun is drawin' to the wast,
 An' purple clouds aroon' him gether,
 An' len'thnin' shadows noo are cast
 By us upon the bloomin' heather ;
 For though, when up amang the heather,
 Forgettin' I'm an auld gran'father,
 I yet am fain
 My stren'th to hain
 For a'e day mair upon the heather.

It's no' the warst o't, I declare,
 When hame returnin' fain an' drouthy,
 To set me doon to dainty fare
 Beside a Hostess kind an' couthie ;
 An' wi' a Host the best in truth
 An' wi' the gentle lady Mither,
 An' twa fair lassies frae the sooth,
 That's come to see the Hielan' heather.
 An' s'uld I ne'er upon the heather
 O' sportin' days enjoy anither,
 I'll mind hoo fine
 In seeventy-nine,
 Was August twal'th upon the heather.

A. D. M.

NEEPS.

Air—"When Jeanie sat down wi' her Seam at the Fire."

A[GUID frien' o' mine, a neebourly chiel,
Enjoys a day's shooting uncommonly weel ;
But he'll tell whan he meets ye, he dreams whan he sleeps
O' a terrible day in the Muirlee neeps.

On heather he'll walk guist as well as you can,
On stubbles or leyfields he'll march like a man ;
But the half o' the pleasure awa frae him sweeps,
The prospect o' crossing the Muirlee neeps.

He says that whanever he ventures to stir,
Frae the croon o' the rig to the howe o' the fur ;
He's just like a boat in a storm on the deeps,
When he's pitching about on that wide sea o' neeps.

It adds to his sorrow, it doobles his waes,
That the shaws grup his legs, and the ruits catch his taes
And like a fou man wi' his staichering steps,
He stoiters aboot in that big field o' neeps.

"Mark hare," cries the keeper, and roon' turns he,
But never a bit o' a hare can he see,
Till weel oot o' gunshot, the sly pussy creeps
Through a slap in the fence at the en' o' the neeps.

He brings down his bird, for weel can he hit,
An' he says he is sure that he markit the bit ;
But though auld Nero sniffs and the gamekeeper peeps,
The patric' is lost in that ocean o' neeps.

He's wat as a sponge frae the knees to the feet,
Nae waterproof leggins can keep oot sic weet ;
Whan frae swedes and frae yellows a heavy shoor dreeps
Every step that he tak's in that big field o' neeps.

It's cauld clayey lan', an' it steeks to his buits ;
He's stiff in the hochs, an' he's lame in the cuits ;
An' he'd far raither clim' up Ben Nevis's steeps,
Than venture again on the Muirlee neeps.

He'll just take a dauner awa' by the road,
For his legs are like leed, an' his gun is a load ;
It's a wearisome job, an' he vows an' he threeps,
That he'll ne'er come again to thae Muirlee neeps.

But a week is na' gaen till he thinks better o't,
There are patrics to get, an' he maun hae a shot ;
Sae whan maist ither folk are enjoyin' their sleeps,
He's up and awa' to the Muirlee neeps.

A. D. M.

SAUMON.

Air—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

THERE'S haddies i' the Firth o' Forth,
There's turbot big and sma', man ;
There's flukes, though they're but little worth,
There's "caller ou'" an' a', man ;
But fish in shell, or fish in scale,
Whate'er ye like't to ca', man,
There's nane can doot the very wale
O' fishes is a saumon.

There's herrin' catch'd aboot Dunbar,
An' whitin's aff Skateraw, man ;
But wha sae daft as to compare
The like o' them to saumon ?
The English folk like whitin's best,
The Dutch eat herrin' raw, man ;
But ilka body to his taste—
An' mine's content wi' saumon.

Oh, mark him rinnin' frae the tide,
In blue and siller braw, man ;
The ticks upon his gawsy side,
Shaw him a new-rin saumon.

An' though he 'scape the Berwick net,
The Duke at Floors, an' a', man,
There's mony a chance remainin' yet
To catch that bonnie saumon.

Across the pool the fishers' flee,
Fa's licht as micht a straw, man ;
Soops doon the stream, an' syne a wee
Hangs trem'lin' o'er the saumon.
A moment mair, the line is stent—
A rug, and then a draw, man ;
An' noo, the soople tap-piece bent,
He's tackled wi' his saumon.

Frae aff the birling reel the line
Like licht'nin' spins awa', man ;
The fisher lauchs, for he kens fine
He's heuked a guidly saumon.
He's up, he's doon, he's here, he's there,
Wi' mony a twist and thraw, man ;
Noo deep in Tweed, noo i' the air—
My troth, a lively saumon.

But stren'th an' natur' for a while
Can warsell¹ against a', man ;
Yet natur' aft maun yield to guile,
As weel in man as saumon.

¹ WARSELL, Wersill, *v.n.* To wrestle ; to strive.—*Jamieson's Dictionary*.

An' sae the merry fish that rose
 To tak' that flee sae braw, man,
 Noo sidelins¹ sowms² at his life's close,
 A worn an' deein' saumon.

Wi' ready gaff³ the callant stan's,
 The fish ashore to draw, man ;
 The fisher bids him haud his han's,
 An' no' to hash his saumon.
 "He's clean dune oot ; gae grup the tail,
 Just whar it tapers sma', man,
 An' lan' him up baith safe and hale—
 My word, a bonnie saumon."

Gae bid the lass set on the pat,
 An' see it's no owre sma', man,
 An' pit twa goupins⁴ in o' saut,
 To boil my bonnie saumon ;

¹ SYDLINGIS, Sidelins, *adv.* Obliquely ; not directly ; having one side to any object. *Sidelong*, E., is now used in the same sense ; but *Sideling* is the ancient term.—*Jamieson's Dictionary*.

² SOWME, *v. n.* To swim.—*Jamieson's Dictionary*.

³ GAFF, *s.* "Night, or blaze fishing, during close-time, with *gaffs*, spears, leisters, &c., is very injurious to the legal fishing, and is practised with impunity over various parts of the country."—*Prize Essays, Highland Society*, ii. 409.

This may be the same with *gaff* mentioned by Phillips as signifying an iron hook to pull great fishes into a ship.—*Jamieson's Dictionary*.

⁴ GOUPIN, Goupin, Gouping, *s.* A handful.—*Jamieson's Dictionary*.

An' sen' for Jock, an' Rab, an' Tam—
They 're fishers ane an' a', man—
An' bid them come to me at hame,
An' eat my bonnie saumon.

The gentry get their cooks frae France,
Wi' mony a queer kickshaw, man ;
But, haith, I wadna' tak' their chance,
When I ha'e sic a saumon.
Wi' it, an' some o' Scotland's best,
A cheerer—maybe twa, man—
We 'll gang like decent folk to rest,
An' dream o' catchin' saumon.

I ance was dinin' i' the toon,
Whar a' thing is sae braw, man,
An' there I saw a Lunnon loon
Eat labster-sauce wi' saumon.
Wae's me that sic a slaister suid
Gang into mortal maw, man,
To fyle the stamac'—spile the fuid,
An' siccan' fuid as saumon.

Wi' flesh as pink as rose in June,
Wi' curd as white as snaw, man,
An' sappy broo they boil't him in—
Oh ! that's what I ca' saumon.

To my best frien' I canna wish
That better shud befa', man,
Than just to ha'e as guid a dish
As we ha'e wi' our saumon.

To Scotland's ilka honest son,
Her dochters fair an' a' man,
To a' wha lo'e the rod and gun,
We'll drink wi' a' hurra, man.
May they frae mony sportin' days
Baith health and pleesur' draw, man ;
May muircocks crawl on a' the braes,
The rivers swarm with saumon !

A. D. M.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN, *December 7, 1867.*



CHANCELLOR INGLIS :

A GRADUATION SONG FOR 1876.

Air—"Kate Dalrymple."

I 'm passed, I 'm passed,
And capped at last ;
I 'm qualified and free now,
On pasteboard neat,
Or brass door-plate,
To write myself M.B. now.
I 'm full of joy,
Without alloy,
And my whole frame with pleasure tingles,
Since in gown and in hood,
I 've been capped by the good
And magic hand of Chancellor Inglis.

How proud my mien
When I hear the Dean
Proclaim my name and nation !
How swells my heart
When I play my part
In this great graduation !
For there 's one with a pair
Of blue eyes fair,
Who from the rest my figure singles,

And feels as if she
Were a bit of me,
When I am capped by Chancellor Inglis.

How pleasant the tap
Of the velvet cap,
Which old tradition teaches
Was made from the rear
Of a half-used pair
Of George Buchanan's breeches.
I don't know well
If in this tale
The mythic with historic mingles,
But the cap is a fact,
And so is the tact
Of the crudite hand of Chancellor Inglis.

I yet know not
Upon what spot
In practice I may settle,
Or if folks will sec,
As they should in me,
A man of sterling metal.
But when the due
Fees shall accrue,
And the sovereign with the shilling jingles,
Its pleasant little chime
Will recall the time
Of the magic touch of Chancellor Inglis.

My future home
May be in some
Of England's rich domains now,
Or in the North
Beyond the Forth,
Among the mountain-chains now ;
Or it may by
The Borders lie,
'Mong Johnstones, Elliots, Scotts, and Pringles ;
But wherever it be,
I'll teach them to see
The worth of a man that was capped by Inglis.

And who shall say,
But some fine day,
When practice then increases,
To my door there may come
A neat little brougham,
And pair with smartish paces :
And when folks spy
My nags go by
Their collars, traces, reins, surcingles,
They'll say, without doubt,
That's a smart turn-out
Of the man that was capped by Chancellor Inglis.

And when I may,
On holiday,
Enjoy release from duty,

With a sweet little wife,
The charm of my life,
Admiring nature's beauty ;
Then when we roam,
Away from home,
In sunny fields or bosky dingles,
We'll both of us know
That the pleasure we owe
To the magic touch of Chancellor Inglis.

Now long may he
Our Chancellor be ;
Now let the glasses clatter
To his health, and the fame
Of the ancient dame
That is our Alma Mater ;
And as the Tay
And mighty Spey
Flow full-streamed over rocks and shingles,
Let the red wine now
In rivers flow
To the jolly good health of Chancellor Inglis.

A. D. M.

HOW, AND BY WHOM WAS WRITTEN THE FAMOUS BALLAD OF

“PRINCE EUGENE, THE RITTER NOBLE”

From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.

TENTS,—and sentinels patrolling ;
Night serene,—the Danube rolling ;
Docile war-steeds in a ring—
Held by stake and halter steady,
At each saddle-bow hangs ready
Loaded carbine in the sling.

Near their horses, round the cheery
Picket watch-fire, rest the weary
Troopers of the Austrian power,
Each upon his mantle sleeping ;
Cornet and Lieutenant keeping
Watch, with dice beguile the hour.

On his woollen cloak extended,
By his piebald steed attended,
Lies apart the bugler strong.
“Cease your gambling, all you dicers,
Surely soldiers like the Kaiser’s,
Might enjoy a soldier’s song.

"Eight days since I put the story
For our army's use and glory
Into fit and proper rhyme,
And the tune is my composing;
So you white coats, from your dozing
Rouse, and listen while you've time."

And his new-made tunc and verses
He, in voice subdued, rehearses
To the silent listening group.
But when verse the last was ended,
Bursts in manly chorus blended
From the voices of the troop,

"PRINCE EUGENE, THE RITTER NOBLE."
Ho! it rolls like thunder double
Over to the Turkish lair.
Stroking his moustache complacent,
Wends the bugler to the adjacent
Tent of the vivandière.

A. D. M.

THE SENTRY.

From the German of Wilhelm Hauff.

AT darkest midnight when I go
On sentry duty near the foe,
I think on her beyond the sea,
And if she still is true to me.

When first I left her to enlist,
So tenderly my cheek she kissed ;
The ribbon gave that now I wear,
And clasped me to her bosom dear.

She loves me yet, she is so kind :
I'm brave of heart, I'm blithe of mind ;
I think on her and summer's glow,
My heart's blood warms in winter's snow.

Yes! by your taper's feeble glow
You seek your little chamber now,
And tenderly to heaven you pray
For him you love that's far away.

Oh ! if your eye be full of tears,
Oh ! if your heart be full of fears,
Dread not, sweet girl ! in God's good hand
Your soldier's safe in foeman's land.

I hear the bell sound from the camp ;
I hear my comrades' welcome tramp—
I seek my tent, from night-watch free—
Sleep thou, sweet love, and dream of me.

A. D. M.



MOTHER LOVE.

From the German of J. H. Vogt.

A WANDERER came from a distant land
Wearily home with staff in hand ;
With sun-burned face, and dust-covered hair,—
Who shall be first to know him there ?
He came to the town, and he passed the gate
Where his old friend John the taxman sate.
Many a time they had sealed their vows
Of friendship with a blithe carouse ;
But John never knew he had seen him before,
The sun had bronzed his face so sore.

And on he went through the well-known street,
And he stamped the white dust off his feet ;
When at her lattice his love he espied,
“ A thousand welcomes, fair maid ! ” he cried.
But the maiden ne’er knew she had seen him before,
The sun had bronzed his face so sore.

And as he passed through the little town,
While a tear-drop hung on his cheek so brown ;
His mother came forth from the old church door,
“ God save you,” he said, and he said no more—
With a sob of joy her arms were thrown
Round the wanderer’s neck, “ My son, my son ! ”
For she knew at a glance her boy of yore,
Though the sun had bronzed his face so sore. A. D. M.

LIZZIE.

Air—"London's bonnie woods and braes."

LOVE, they say, is like a flower,
Bonnie while it blaws, Lizzie ;
But, endurin' for an hour,
Sune to earth it fa's, Lizzie.
This is love wi' senseless queans
That dream about it in their teens,
Ye better ken what true love means,
Ye ken that this is fause, Lizzie.
Twenty years ha'e come and gane
Sin' first I socht you for my ain,
The love that cam' in blossom then
Yet wi' blossom braw's, Lizzie.

Little gear we had, ye ken,
To begin our life, Lizzie ;
Treasure I had neist to nane,
Binna in my wife, Lizzie.
To my wishes kindest Heaven
Better treasure couldna given,
Gowd wad maybe no ha'e thriven
E'en had it been rife, Lizzie.
Gowd, they say, gets everything,
But true heart-love it canna bring ;
Gowd is readier aye to fling
Discord in and strife, Lizzie.

Sunshine, thanks to Heaven, has shed
 Licht within our ha', Lizzie,
 Though a cloud or twa hae spread
 Shadows o'er us twa, Lizzie.
 But when sorrow, grief, or care,
 Frae Lizzie's ee wrang out the tear,
 Our mutual love but grew the mair
 Wi' ilka watery fa', Lizzie.
 Love and flowers agree in this—
 A blink o' sunshine's no amiss,
 But were nae rain the grun' to bless
 They wadna grow ava, Lizzie.

Time begins to lay his han'
 And to show his power, Lizzie;
 We maun yield as ithers maun
 To the carle dour, Lizzie.
 Winter winds may round us blaw,
 Our heads be white wi' winter snaw,
 But warmth o' love, in spite them a',
 Shall cheer our wintry hour, Lizzie.
 Then, though it come stormy weather,
 Gin we're spared to ane anither,
 Auld and canty we'll thegither
 Bide the wintry stour, Lizzie.

A. D. M.

19th July 1856.

Ach! die Gattin ist's, die theure
 Ach! es ist die treue Mutter
 Die der schwarze Fürst der Schatten
 Wegführt aus dem Arm des Gatten
 Aus der zarten kinder Schaar
 Die sie blühend ihm gebär.

9th May 1885.

Die sie an der treuen Brust
 Wachsen sah mit Mutterlust
 Ach des Hauses zarte Bande
 Sind gelöst auf immerdar
 Denn sie wohnt im Schattenlande
 Die des Hauses Mutter war.

Schiller.



A SONG ON GEOLOGY.

Alu--"Buy a Broom."



'LL sing you a ditty that needs no apology,
Attend and keep watch in the gates of your
ears!

Of the famous new science which men call
Geology,
And gods call the story of millions of years.
Millions, millions—did I say millions?
Billions and trillions are more like the fact!
Millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions,
Make the long sum of creation exact!

Confusion and chaos, with wavering pinion,
First swayed o'er the weltering ferment of things;
When all over all held alternate dominion,
And the slaves of to-day were to-morrow the kings.
Chaos, chaos, infinite wonder!
Wheeling and reeling on wavering wings;
Whence issued the world, which some think a blunder,
A rumble, and tumble, and jumble of things!

The minim of being, the dot of creation,
The germ of Sire Adam, of you and of me,
In the folds of the gneiss in Laurentian station
Far west from the roots of Cape Wrath you may see.
Minims of being, budding and bursting,
All on the floor of the measureless sea ;
Small but for mighty development thirsting,
With throbs of the future, like you, sir, and me !

The waters, now big with a novel sensation,
Brought corals, and buckies, and bivalves to view,
Who dwell in shell houses, a soft-bodied nation ;
But fishes with fins were yet none in the blue !
Buckies and bivalves, a numberless nation,
Buckies, and bivalves, and trilobites too,
These you will find in Silurian station,
When Ramsay and Murchison sharpen your view.

Then fins were invented, when Queen Amphitrite
Stirred up her force from Devonian beds ;
The race of the fishes in ocean grew mighty,
Queer-looking fishes with bucklers for heads.
Fishes, fishes, small greedy fishes,
With wings on their shoulders and horns on their beads,
With scales bright and shiny, that shoot through the briny
Cerulean hall in Devonian beds !

God bless the fishes, but now on the dry land,
In days when the sun shone benign on the poles,
Forests of ferns in the low and the high land
Spread their huge fans, soon to change into coals.
Forests of ferns—a wonderful verity,
Rising like palm-trees beneath the North Pole
And all to prepare for the golden prosperity
Of John Bull reposing on iron and coal.

Now Nature the eye of the gazer entrances
With wonder on wonder from teeming abodes;
From the gills of the fish to true lungs she advances,
And bursts into blossoms of tadpoles and toads.
Strange Batrachian people, Triassic all,
Like hippopotamus huge on the roads:
You may call them ungainly, uncouth and unclassical,
But great in the reign of the Trias were toads.

Behold, a strange monster our wonder engages,
If dolphin or lizard your wit may defy;
Some thirty feet long on the shore of Lyme-Regis,
With a saw for a jaw, and a big staring eye.
A fish or a lizard? an ichthyosaurus,
With a big goggle eye, and a very small brain,
And paddles like mill-wheels in clattering chorus,
Smiting tremendous the dread-sounding main.

And here comes another ; can shape more absurd be,
The strangest and oddest of vertebrate things ?
Who knows if this creature a beast or a bird be,
A fowl without feathers, a serpent with wings ?
A beast or a bird—an equivocal monster,
A crow or a crocodile, who can declare ?
A greedy, voracious, long-necked monster—
Skimming the billow, and ploughing the air.

Next rises to view the great four-footed nation,
Hyenas and tapirs, a singular race ;
You may pick up their wreck from the great Paris basin—
At the word of command every bone finds its place.
Palæothere, very singular creature,
A horse or a tapir, or both, can you say ?
Showing his grave pachydermatous feature,
Just where the Frenchman now sips his café.

And now the life-temple grows vaster and vaster,
Only the pediment fails to the plan ;
The winged and the wingless are waiting their master,
The mammoth is howling a welcome to man.
Mammoth, mammoth, mighty old mammoth,
Strike with your hatchet, and cut a good slice ;
The bones you will find, and the hide of the mammoth,
Packed in stiff cakes of Siberian ice.

At last the great biped, the crown of the mammals,
Sire Adam, majestic, comes treading the sod ;
A measureless animal, free without trammels,
To swing all the space from an ape to a god.
Wonderful biped, erect and featherless,
Sport of two destinies, treading the sod ;
With the perilous license, unbridled and tetherless,
To sink to a devil or rise to a god.

And thus was completed—miraculous wonder—
The world, this mighty mysterious thing ;
I believe it is more than a beautiful blunder,
And worship, and pray, and adore, while I sing.
Wonder and miracle ; God made the wonder ;
Come, happy creatures, and worship with me ;
I know it is more than a beautiful blunder,
And I hope Tait, and Tyndall, and Huxley agree.

J. S. B.



CAPPED AND DOCTORED AND A'.

A SONG OF DEGREES—
FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Air—"Woo'd and Married and a'."

I YINCE was a light-hearted laddie,
A dreaming and daundering loon,
Just escaped from the rod o' my daddie,
And the skirts o' my mither's broun gown.
But now I cut loftier capers,
And the beer that I drink is nae sma',
When I see my ain name in the papers,
Capped and Doctored and a'!
Capped and Doctored and a',
Doctored and Capped and a'!
Right sure 'tis a beautiful thing
To be Capped and Doctored and a'!

My parish I wadna besmutch
Wi' words that look heartless and hard;
But I knew there of life just as much
As a hen in the farmer's kail-yard.

I got a good tailor to suit me,
 My feet were richt decently shod ;
 But the smell o' the peat was about me,
 And my manners were awkward and odd !
 Capped and Doctored and a',
 Doctored and Capped and a'!
 I'm as proud as a Pope or a King,
 To be Capped and Doctored and a' !

Frae the school I came up to the College,
 As a calf comes up to a cow ;
 Wi' a wonderful thirst for all knowledge,
 And scraps of learning a few !
 Through Virgil I stoutly could hammer,
 A book, or it may hae been twa ;
 And Greek, just a taste o' the grammar,
 To look better than naething ava !
 Capped and Doctored and a',
 Doctored and Capped and a'!
 I'm as proud as a Pope or a King,
 To be Capped and Doctored and a' !

A wonderful place is the College ;
 I felt like a worm getting wings,
 When I heard the great mill-wheel of knowledge
 Turn round with all possible things !

A marvellous place is the College ;
Professor 's a marvellous man,
To find for such mountains of knowledge
Such room in a single brain-pan !
Capped and Doctored and a',
Doctored and Capped and a'!
I feel like a bird on the wing,
When I 'm Capped and Doctored and a'!

All races and peoples and nations
Were lodged in that wonderful brain ;
Proud systems and big speculations,
All possible things to explain.
All creatures at various stages,
From mollusc and monkey to man,
Through millions of billions of ages,
That make up life's wonderful plan !
Capped and Doctored and a',
Doctored and Capped and a' !
It gives one a wonderful swing
To be Capped and Doctored and a' !

I confess I was glamoured at first,
Looked round wi' a stupid surprise ;
But from session to session there burst
New light on my widening eyes :

I could talk of attraction and force,
Of motion and mind and matter ;
And thought it a thing quite of course
When potassium burnt in the water !
Capped and Doctored and a',
Doctored and Capped and a' !
The lad has the genuine ring
Who is Capped and Doctored and a' !

My logic is lithe as an eel,
My philosophy deep as a well ;
My rhetoric spins like a wheel ;
My Greek for a Scot pretty well.
Of my Bible I know quite enough,
Not like Chalmers, to preach and to pray,
But to give a glib fool a rebuff,
And to keep the black devil at bay !
Capped and Doctored and a',
Doctored and Capped and a' !
I leap and I dance and I sing,
Being Capped and Doctored and a' !

You may ca' me a lean, lanky student,
A chicken new out o' the shell :
But with time, if I'm patient and prudent,
I may be Professor mysel'.

My head with citations well stocket,
I may sit in the chair at my ease,
With a thousand a year in my pocket,
And six months to do what I please !
I'll know how to find my own place
In the world, with great and with sma' ;
And I'll nae be the last in the race,
Being Capped and Doctored and a' !

Then fill your glasses, my boys,
Let mirth and jollity sway !
'Tis fit with my friends to rejoice,
When I'm Capped and Doctored to-day !
This night may not stupidly pass
With beer, or coffee, or tea ;
But of champagne a bright sparkling glass
Shall foam to my noble degree !
Brim your glasses, my boys !
In the Church, or it may be the Law,
Tom Tidy will yet make a noise,
Being Capped and Doctored and a' !

J. S. B.



THE BOTANICAL EXCURSION.

A NEW SONG BY A STUDENT OF BOTANY.

Air—"Buy a Broom."

Dedicated to Professor BALFOUR.

COME, boys, sling the box on your backs and be ready,
Take your glass in your pocket, your staff in your hand !
As far as the peak of the bonnie Ben Ledi,
We'll foot it to-day at our Captain's command ;
Come away ! come away !
Sweet is the toil to-day
To pluck the bright blooms from the glen and the brae !

Behold, how the white mists in silence are creeping
Adown the soft folds of the green-winding glen,
While brightness and beauty, with joy in their keeping,
Sit throned on the peak of the old Granite Ben.
Come away, &c. !

March away, march away, march away, jolly boys,
Up by the crag and down by the green loan ;
March away, march, and let grim Melancholy, boys,
Die of despair when she sees the birds flown !
Come away, &c. !

What's this ? prick your ears, boys, with quick admiration,
An omen at starting so beautiful, rare ;
Osmunda, the king of the ferny creation,
I found at the crook of the rivulet there !
Come away, &c. !

Come along, come along ! on the slope of the brae, boys,
The grass of Parnassus you'll find by the rill,
As white as a virgin in vestal array, boys,
As straight as a Prussian soldier on drill.
Come away, &c. !

By Jove, all the meadow is flaming with gold, boys !
What shall we baptize it ? Here's Babington's book ;
If you ask the Professor, I think you'll be told, boys,
'Tis *Caltha palustris*, the pride of the brook.
Come away, &c. !

But here's something better !—behind the green willow
The white water-lily, *Nymphæa* supreme !
Like grand Cleopatra on luxury's pillow,
It floats on the breast of the slow-winding stream.
Come away, &c. !

Come, come, my brave fellows, make haste, and don't tarry,
Here foxgloves like legion now burst into view ;
In the pride of their purple they flush the old quarry,
Like a regiment of soldiers at red Waterloo.
Come away, &c. !

Now leave we the lowland ; I sigh for the Ben, boys—
In your Lincolnshire fens I should die in a week ;
I mount like a bird with the breath of the glen, boys,
I stand like a god on a grey granite peak.
Come away, &c. !

Ho ! ho ! here's the torrent, strong son of the mountains,
Gushing, and foaming, and tumbling with glee,
Lashing the rock with the roar of his fountains—
The music most dear to the sons of the Free !
Come away, &c. !

And lo ! here's a prize in green glory resplendent,
A fern, the Hart's tongue in profusion enorm,
From the roof of the cave in green glory dependent,
Like locks of the Nereids after a storm.
Come away, &c. !

And high on yon crag, like a red beacon flaring,
The bloody geranium seizes the eye ;
Dick Driver has got it !—with such gallant daring
You'll capture Sebastopol, Dick, ere you die.
Come away, &c. !

And here 's *Trientalis*, so silently, slenderly,
Peeping from out the hard heather's embrace !
Handle it carefully, take it up tenderly,
Shun to do wrong to its virginly grace !
Come away, &c. !

Come along, come along, boys, and keep all together, boys,
Where the huge boulders are blocking the bed !
Creep 'neath the rowan tree, brush through the heather, boys ;
Plant a firm foot, boys, and keep a cool head !
Come away, &c. !

What 's this ? on the slope by the bickering fountain,
Like a facing of gold on a green velvet dress ?
'Tis the bright yellow *Saxifrage*, pride of the mountain,
As rich as a ruff on the neck of Queen Bess !
Come away, &c. !

And here on the brae, brown and boggy, before us,
Is a fruit like a rasp with a bright orange hue ;
'Tis the *Rubus*—I know it—the rare *Chamæmorus*,
And excellent jam my aunt makes of it, too.
Come away, &c. !

Dash along, smash along, rattling and ready, boys !
Ride o'er the granite blocks, splash through the bogs !
We 'll soon take the top o' the bonnie Ben Ledi, boys,
And look down, like gods, on the low-creeping fogs !
Come away, &c. !

Now *veni* and *vidi* and *vici* ! we've done it !

How grand is the sweep both of mountain and moor ;
We stand on the top—let each man wave his bonnet,

With three lusty cheers to Professor Balfour !

Shout aloud, merry men,

Till the rock ring again,

Long live Balfour on the top of the Ben !

J. S. B.





MACTAVISH AND THE QUEEN OF PHAERIE.

A HIGHLAND BALLAD.

COMMUNICATED BY THE SHADE OF OSSIAN.

THE first part of this Ballad was published by Professor Aytoun many years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine* in an article on Spiritual Manifestations (May 1853). It accidentally came under the notice of the Author of the three concluding verses, who thought it far too clever a composition to be unresuscitated. As published it was incomplete; it is now hoped that the addition will explain what had been left rather vague by the talented Professor.



WILL sing you songs
To make your heart-strings tingle ;
They were made by me,
Ossian, son of Fingal,
In honour of a chief,
Called Forquhard Mhor-Mactavish ;
To whom the ladies were
Of their attentions lavish.

Half-way up the glen,
Near the springs of Aven,
Where the blackcock builds,
As also does the raven.

There his henchman Ian
 Found him on the heather,
 With his flask of spirits
 Emptied altogether.

Such a thing as this
 Was indeed uncommon,
 For the chief could drink
 With any son of woman ;
 And it did appear
 To his henchman Ian,
 That some wondrous sight
 The Chieftain had been seeing.

Water on his face
 His foster-brother spluttered,
 And a prayer or two
 To good St Fillan uttered ;
 Till Mactavish gave
 Signs of animation,
 And could undertake
 The task of his narration.

First his nose he fed,
 With a pinch of sneeshan,
 Then he thus remarked,—
 “ I have seen a vision ;

I shall tell you all,
That you may judge the fitness
Of the things whereof
I have been the witness.

"I had not consumed
More than half a gallon,
With Rory Oig M'Craw
And Angus, son of Allan ;
And was walking home
In this same position,
When my eyes beheld
A beauteous apparition.

"From a tuft of rushes
Rose a splendid figure,
About a salmon's height,
Perhaps a little bigger.
She was dressed in white,
Her arms were somewhat hairy,
And I knew at once
It was the Queen of Phaerie."

.

Says she, "Forquhard M'hior !
Let me taste your spirits,
I have heard pefore
Of their wondrous merits."

“ I emptied out my flask,
 And she gulped down ta crater,
 Wishing it a cask,
 Ta drink would have been greater !

“ While she talked apoot
 Ta wetness of ta weather,
 My arm round her I put
 And brought our lips together ;
 But up she jumped, quite angry,
 And dunshed me with her pinions,
 Then flew off, I suppose,
 To seek her own dominions !”

“ Hoot ! toot ! Oigh ! Oigh !” says Ian,
 “ She waas fery sorry ;
 She met a billie goat
 When coming up ta corrie ;
 On her horns waas sticking
 Ta chieftain’s trinking ponnet ;
 Tat waas ta Phaerie’s work
 You may depend upon it !”

J. D. G.

1877.



THE COLLEGE STILL.

ARGUMENT.

THE Treasurer of the Royal College of Surgeons proposed that an old disused Still, for which the College was taxed, should be sold.

Air from "The Bohemian Girl."

I DREAMED I was sitting in Surgeons' Hall,
A lot of good *Fellows* beside,
When Gairdner proposed our attention to call,
To a subject he wished to confide.
He said we were paying ten shillings a year
For our Still to that horrid Excise,
Which he certainly thought was a great deal too dear,
And to sell it would truly be wise!

Air—"In the Strand."

But some odd Fellows shouted out,
"We can't agree with you about
The Still, the Still, the Still, the Still!
The Still is *still* our fancy;
The Still! the Still!
We cannot countenance ye,
In selling off our dear old Still!
Our Still! our Still!
In selling off our Still!

THE COLLEGE STILL.

Air—"He's Coming Again."

Then outspake brave Willie Brown,
 "I think we won't, I think we won't,
 Require to pay that money down,
 The University don't, the University don't,
 Our Treasurer ought I'm sure to *mak sicker*,
 Before we pay, before we pay,
 For a Still that doesn't brew any good liquor,
 That comes our way, that comes our way."

Air—"In the Strand."

This is what Maclagan said,
 When speaking on that very head,
 About the Still, the Still, the Still!

Air from "La Sonnambula."

"*Still* so gently o'er me stealing,
 Memory will bring back the feeling,
 Spite of what John Gairdner is revealing,
 That I love our dear old Still!
 Yes! I love, I love our dear old Still!
 Yes! I fondly love our Still!
 Yes! I love our dear old Still!
 Our dear old Still!
 Yes, I dearly love, I dearly love
 Our old Still!"

Air—"In the Strand."

This is why bold Andrew Wood,
Said Gairdner's motion he withstood,
About the Still, the Still, the Still !

Air—"Oft in the Stilly Night."

"Oft in the *stilly* night,
When leader for *Courant* I write,
My *spirits* above *proof* take flight,
Towards our College Still !"

Air—"In the Strand."

But John Gairdner shook his head,
And muttered, "You should have been in bed,
And still, and still, and still !" and still !
This is what James Miller¹ uttered,
After what John Gairdner muttered,
About the Still, the Still, the Still !

Air—"The Standard Bearer."

"The Still ! the Still ! that *ruin*-brewing Still !
That causes so much mischief to mankind,
I wish it could be brought to a standstill,
A substitute for spirits you can find.
There 's Burnet's stuff does well enough,
And what 's in every *Advertiser*,
Condy's patent deodoriser !

¹ The late Professor Miller, a rigid tectotaller, whose standard song was "The Standard Bearer."

Distilling stop, drink ginger pop,
And o'er our College Still a *stillicidium* drop !
Distilling stop, &c.

Air—"In the Strand."

Then the College all unanimous,
Cried, Miller has converted us,
We'll sell the Still, the Still, the Still !
No longer is our fancy
The Still, the Still !
Gairdner ! we'll countenance ye,
In selling off that dear old Still !
Our Still, our Still,
In selling off our Still !

J. D. G.

July 12, 1862.



THE JOURNEY OF ANDREW WOOD.

Air—"Slap Bang."

ANDREW WOOD he went on a journey,
Andrew Wood he went on a journey,
On a visit he could not make by attorney,
All on a winter's day.
Off by the rail to the Spottiswoode,
The Spottiswoode, the Spottiswoode,
By rail and postchaise went Andrew Wood,
All on that winter's day!

That day! that day! with his carpet bag, with his carpet bag,
That day! that day! with his carpet bag went he!
One little, two little, three little miles he went,
Four little, five little, six little miles he went,
Seven little, eight little, nine little miles he went,
All on that winter's day,
All on that winter's day, all on that winter's day!
Slap bang, get along again!
Get along again! get along again!
Whip! snap! get along again,
All on that winter's day!

Andrew Wood, he doctored his patient,
Andrew Wood, he doctored his patient,
And thereby much joy he occasioned
All on that winter's day!
Then back to the rail from the Spottiswoode,
The Spottiswoode, the Spottiswoode,
In a battered postchaise with a damaged hood,
Back to the rail went he!

That day, &c.
Nine little, eight little, &c.

When Andrew Wood left he felt it so warm,
When Andrew Wood left he felt it so warm,
But alas! he was caught in a frightful snowstorm,
All on that winter's day.
The wheels stuck fast in a deep snow drift,
A deep snow drift, a deep snow drift,
So Wood on his legs was obliged to shift,
All on that winter's day!

That day, &c.

Andrew Wood, he must walk to the station,
Andrew Wood, he must walk to the station,
So of brandy he took a copious libation,
All on that winter's day.

He struggled through snow that came up to his knees,
Came up to his knees, came up to his knees,
Which melted first, then began to freeze,
All on that winter's day !

That day, &c.

Of course Andrew Wood he blessed the climate,
Of course Andrew Wood he blessed the climate,
But in language that would have shocked the Primate,
All on that winter's day.

He oft felt disposed to lie down and give in,
Lie down and give in, lie down and give in,
But was cheered by a drop from the Spottiswoode bin,
All on that winter's day !

That day, &c.

Andrew Wood managed to crawl to the railway,
Andrew Wood managed to crawl to the railway,
But in truth he was in a very frail way,
All on that winter's day.

At length he got home to Darnaway Street,
To Darnaway Street, to Darnaway Street,
And bawled out for toddy and something to eat,
All on that winter's day !

That day, &c.

MORAL.

Now all teetotallers, they should take warning,
All teetotallers, they should take warning,
And a drop of good spirits not be scorning
All on a winter's day.

For if to abstain had been Andrew's mood,¹
Had been Andrew's mood, had been Andrew's mood,
He'd have coffined in snow, and not in *wood*,
All on that winter's day!

That day, &c.

J. D. G.

April 19, 1866.

¹ Dr Andrew Wood had been a rigid teetotaller up to a very short time before the occurrence celebrated in the song took place.



AN 'ORRIBLE TALE.

(AFTER 'TOOLE.)

Air—The Same.

THIS Song was suggested by the Author seeing Dr Handyside teaching some ladies the dissection of a particular part of the body in the same class room with, and in close proximity to, a number of male students.

OH ! an 'orrible tale I have to tell
Of a sad disaster as befell
A charming young party with whom I was acquainted,
Who on a certain subject became quite demented ;
Persuaded by the wiles of a female most inhuman,
She chose an occupation never meant for woman,
Resolving to follow the Medical Profession,
Enrolling as a student during last Winter Session !

Chorus.

And oh ! it is such an 'orrible tale,
Of a lady who worked just like a male,
And in Handyside's rooms dissected some,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle, twum !

Her name it was Maria Nectarine,
 Her face and her figure were both divine,
 Her cheeks were like the *peach's* bloom,¹
 Her eyes could brighten the darkest room ;
 Her lips were of the ripest cherry,
 Which made you keen to kiss them, very ;
 Her nose,—perhaps it was as well,—
 Was so finely chiselled I 'm sure it couldn't smell.

Chorus.

That sweet girl I loved with my heart and soul,
 And toasted her oft in the flowing bowl,
 Till in Handyside's rooms she chose to dissect
 A part of the body I cannot recollect ;
 We came to high words as you well may suppose,
 I determined our courtship should then and there close,
 For I had no ambition to find myself connected
 In matrimonial chains with a girl who dissected !

Chorus.

One day she was sitting in the Anatomic Room,
 Cutting in small pieces a body for the tomb,
 When she gave her index finger a terrible prick,
 Sticking the sharp scalpel right down to the quick.
 Gangrene supervened, 'twas a horrid sloughy wound,
 The other lady students all around her swooned ;
 And it swoll, and it swoll, and it swoll to her axilla,
 Creeping up her arm like a black caterpillar.

Chorus.

¹ This has no reference to Miss Peachey, who was a fellow-student.

The doctors all met to consider her sad case ;
Great pity was depicted in everybody's face ;
When the consultation settled her only chance of life
Was instant amputation by Professor Spence's knife.
He took it off nicely just at the shoulder joint,
And used carbolic acid the raw stump to anoint,
To do for Lister's products of blood decomposition
And neutralise the germs that unasked sought admission.

Chorus.

For two months she lay in a very hopeless state,
And all were in suspense as to what would be her fate ;
But youth and careful nursing at length won the day,
Assisting the Professor and his surgical array.
Her life it was spared, but her occupation's gone,
She has lost the respect of her much-loving John,
And if she now marries, as you 'll suggest, maybe,
I'd just like to know who's to dandle the baby !

Chorus.

MORAL.

My tale it is told, so young ladies now beware
How of masculine pursuits you covet a share ;
For as men seem degraded in female attire,
And women look brazen when to men's they aspire,
So in Nature herself broad distinctions you find,
Her divisions of sex and requirements in kind,
And a woman unsexes herself when the work
She aspires to is what was supplied by a Burke.¹

¹ Executed at Edinburgh, 1829.

I'll venture for to say, had Maria Nectarine
Cultivated tastes more truly feminine,
The noblest in the land her charms might have smitten,
And this shocking tale would never have been written ;
But she chose, like the Ghoul in the *Arabian Nights*,
To pick dead men's bones, their livers and lights ;
And the saddest cut of all is, her comrades are objecting,
The arm was so destroyed it was not worth dissecting !

J. D. G.

November 1, 1870.



THE SULPHUR CURE.

Air—"Champagne Charlie."

O H! if you should feel poorly,
And don't know what to do,
I'll tell you what will surely
Effect a cure on you ;—
Just light a pan of sulphur,
Beneath a cutty stool,
And sit on it until you feel
The seat reverse of cool.

Chorus.

Sulphurous acid is the cure,
Sulphurous acid is the cure,
Good for every pain or hurt, my boys!
Are the sulphur fumes of Dr Dewar.

All ailments of the body,
All injuries to limb,
This doctor from Kirkcaldy
Asserts are cured by him ;
It is a simple remedy,
Well worth your while to try,
For it has the charm of novelty,—
Which "nobody can deny!"

Chorus.

A lady in the vapours
Will certainly get well,
By burning sulphur tapers
Regardless of the smell ;
And as for every hacking cough,
A sulphur-rolled cigar
Dispels like magic in a trice
The miseries of catarrh !

Chorus.

All stores co-operative
You need not care to join,
To sell the butcher caitiff,
Who'd rob you of your coin ;
For sulphurous acid will preserve
Fresh meat a year and more ;
So buy wholesale fat nowt and sheep,
And cure them by the score !

Chorus.

A chap who hails from Biggar¹
Cures all with sulphur fume,
And now the old gravedigger
Has no one to entomb ;
He swears his occupation's gone,
And he the town must quit,
For nobody dies, they still live on
O'er sulphur fumes to sit !

Chorus.

¹ The late Dr Pairman.

There is a worthy clergyman,¹
Located in that place,
Who does his best to urge a man
This new cure to embrace ;
“ You ’ll find,” he says, “ in another world
A brimstone course advised,
But there you won’t require its aid
If here you ’re sulphurised ! ”

Chorus.

It is the fixed intention
Of a chimney sweep, I ’m told,
To claim this new invention
As twenty-five years old ;
When, smitten by disorder,
He felt it soon succumb,
Dispelled by sulphur’s kindly fumes
While sitting on a lum !

Chorus.

So, Dewar ! look to your laurels,
Two gentlemen in black,
Of questionable morals,
Propose your claim to sack ;
Old Nick declares the Brimstone Cure
His own peculiar bent,—
The chimney sweeper rudely swears
He did the cure *in vent* !

J. D. G.

December 4, 1867.

¹ The late Rev. Dr Christison.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN SULPHUROUS ACID FEAST.

Air—"Bendermere's Stream."

ARGUMENT.

AT the October dinner of the Æsculapian Club in 1866, Professor Sir James Simpson and Dr Dewar had countermanded the dinner ordered by Dr Omond, the Secretary, and unknown to any one made Slaney, of the Douglas Hotel, furnish a dinner consisting mainly of Dr Dewar's preserved meats ; the consequence was that the Members of the Club were nearly poisoned.

THERE'S a Dewar, of Kirkcaldy, lives across Forth's
broad stream,
Who cures dead and living with sulphurous steam ;
That Dewar of Kirkcaldy I can never forget,—
For once, when at Slaney's on October's sixth eve,
Of his so-called preserved meats by misfortune I ate,
And since from discomfort have felt no reprieve !

Chorus ("The Cure").

A Dewar ! a Dewar ! no perfect cure,
No perfect cure made he !
The blackcock, mutton, venison,
Most horrid cookery !

A party of Æsculapians with Simson at its head,
On such nasty food surely never was fed !
'T was unlucky that Maclagan was not at that feast,
Or the Officer of Health, the astute Littlejohn,
Or they would have condemned it as unfit for man or beast,
And ordered its destruction as unwholesome carrion !

Chorus.

In these cholera times 't were befitting, I think,
To take special care what you eat or you drink ;
So this Dewar of Kirkcaldy, as was Simson's remark,
When he gave us such poisonous stuff for a lark,
If we wakened next morning to find ourselves dead,
Would find it not easy to *preserve* his own head !

Chorus.

J. D. G.

Octob.^r 16, 1866.



THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

Air—"The Mistletoe Bough."

ARGUMENT.

THIS song was written at a time when many people thought that instead of a separate Hospital for Children some Children's Wards should have been added to the Royal Infirmary. The craze for crinoline was at its height.

THE bibs were tucked on in the Sick Children's Hall,
And all of them save one had ceased to squall,
For a learned D.D.¹ had promised that day
A jolly good guzzle of curds and whey ;
But that poor little brat would n't hold his noise,
Though coaxed with lollipops, treacle, and toys,
So to bed he was sent, and the Medical Staff
Met to see why he would only cry and not laugh !
Oh, that poor little dear !
Oh, the dear little poor !

Some said he had hives, others diagnosed worms,
Some hinted at dire hydrocephalous germs,
The consulting physician, old Carolus Wilson,
Felt greatly disposed to give him blue pill soon ;

¹ The Rev. Dr Hodson.

That sage accoucheur, Dr James Matthews Duncan,
Said Hydrarg. cum cretâ will cure him or none can,
Bronchitis, Weir thought made him sob in his breathing,
Smith, hospital dentist, swore all rose from teething!

Oh, that poor little dear!

Oh, the dear little poor!

Littlejohn saw a medico-legal-like case,
John Struthers a vocal chord out of its place,
That shrewd canny Scot, Dr Patrick Newbigging,
Said 't was colic from raisins the child had been prigging;
That bold volunteer, the gallant Christison,
Said "This child must have swallowed a cup of cold p'ison"
While Teetotal Jim,¹ the Professor, asserted
By wine *antimonial* the child had been hurted!

Oh, that poor little dear!

Oh, the dear little poor!

The conclave retire to arrange their diversities,
And a lady of fashion appointed to nurse it is;
For six hours they tried to agree but could not,
So at last they resolved to decide it by lot;
Their names were tossed up in a hat and it fell so,
The lucky man was the physician from Kelso,
Who in triumph marched off with his blue pill and all,
To do for this child so much given to squall!

Oh, that poor little dear!

Oh, the dear little poor!

¹ The late Professor of Surgery, James Miller.

He went to the ward where the child had been taken,
But dreadful to tell he found it forsaken ;
He pulled at the bell rope and broke it by force,
Then shouted and shrieked till he made himself hoarse ;
They rush to the spot where the uproar was heard,
And found out the way that the noise was incurred,—
The child and the lady had both disappeared,
And awful surmises were started and feared.

Oh, that poor little dear !

Oh, the dear little poor !

They hunt through the wards of that model hospital,
Inspect apparatus for cooking the victual,
Peep into each bath, each soap-suddy basin,
Where the dear child might try to dip body or face in ;
They light up the dark corners, rake out every closet,
But can't even find a tertiary deposit !
They listen at the well for a sigh or a groan,
But in vain, for they might as well let well alone !

Oh, that poor little dear !

Oh, the dear little poor !

They gave up in despair, and deputed John Struthers
To break the sad news to disconsolate mothers.
He goes off at once, but lo ! at the door
Meets the lady of fashion much changed from of yore,
She looks pale and thin as an old whipping post
(She 'd been comely and fat as a fine dripping roast),

“ Oh, lady ! ” he cries, “ What on earth have you done
With the child you were nursing, the greengrocer’s son ? ”
Oh, that poor little dear !
Oh, the dear little poor !

“ You took such a time discussing the treatment
I could not wait longer, so off home to eat went ;
For safety the child the meat safe I locked in,
He could not catch cold, it’s well lined with block tin ;
And to keep him from gobbling what came in his way,
I hit on a plan that was clever, you’ll say,
Besides, of his sobbing incessant, I’m sure,
You’ll find it effected a wonderful cure !
Oh, that poor little dear !
Oh, the dear little poor !

They follow that lady of fashion with joy,
To free from his prison that poor little boy,
Burst open the meat safe but can find not a trace
Of the darling young urchin’s sweet innocent face ;
The lady advances, lifts a hoop of wire gauze,
And sure enough ’neath it the missing child was,
Reposing, he lay as quiet as a lamb,
And perfectly cured, I assure you, Ma’am !
Oh, that poor little dear !
Oh, the dear little poor !

J. D. G.

THE RAID ON THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

Air—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

O H! have you heard the news of late,
Of fourteen thousand sinners great,
Who would the Sabbath desecrate
At the Royal Botanical Gardens?
Such a monstrous proposition
Shocked of course the City Mission,
So they got up a requisition
To counteract the coalition.
The ministers were a hundred and eight,
Who thought they had sufficient weight
To shut on Sunday the ponderous gate
Of the Royal Botanical Gardens!

Chorus.

So one and all, good people, sign
This counter petition nice of mine,
To ask the Home Sec. to decline
To ope the Botanical Gardens!

John Balfour thinks it is a sin
To stroll on Sunday gardens in,
Though not to visit a flood at Lynn,¹
 But the Royal Botanical Gardens !
'T is pushing in, some priests allege,
The small end of a monster wedge,
Which soon would pass beyond its edge,
And break down every sacred pledge ;
Besides, as Balfour wisely urges,
On weekdays ferns are dug from verges,
And not by friends of wealthy Burgess
 At the Royal Botanical Gardens !

Chorus.

Who would the Fourth Commandment break,
These rarest ferns would surely take,
So we must shut up for their sake
 The Royal Botanical Gardens !
No doubt those horrid labouring classes
On Sundays would go there in masses,
Dig up the ferns, perhaps the grasses,
While each sweet flower unnoticed passes.
To save the gardeners' *souls* we'll try
To give this movement the go-by ;
Let sleeping dogs on Sabbath lie
 At the Royal Botanical Gardens !

Chorus.

¹ A letter in the *Scotsman* stated that Professor Balfour had walked ten miles on a Sunday afternoon to see the bursting of a reservoir at Lynn.

I'll tell you of a parson now,
Who went to London to try how
The Home Sec. he might not allow
 To ope the Botanical Gardens !
But parties raised a scandalous talk
Because, to reach his Christian flock,
He every Sunday took a walk
In gardens 'neath the Castle rock ;
And thus poor innocent Doctor Nisbet,
Though going to church, provoked his kismet,
For *Sabbath breakers* his Reverend phiz met
 In those naughty West Princes Street Gardens.

Chorus.

Then one and all, *good* people, whine
The slip of that devout Divine,
Who asked the Home Sec. to decline
 To ope the Botanical Gardens.

J. D. G.

1861.



THE ANNUITY TAX (AFTER OUTRAM).

Air—"Duncan Davidson."

ARGUMENT.

IN the days of Lord Advocate Moncreiff and Lord Provost Brown Douglas there was a great outcry about doing away with the Annuity Tax, an impost for the support of the City Clergy.

I 'M Advocate, my name's Moncreiff,
In greater fix I couldna be,
I'm askit tae afford relief
Frae Tax they ca' Annuity;
Auld Reekie's in an unco fuss,
Nae ither subjec' she'll discuss
She feels it sair, it robs her purse,
And sae she wants immunity!

I'm sure I divna ken mysel',
What clamorous chiels expec' frae me,
Their waesome tale they canna tell
Wi' ony perspicuity!
It's pay it here, and pay it there,
And pay it, pay it onywhere,
But dinna let us feel sae sair
The Tax they ca' Annuity!

The Provost he has written shoals
O' letters tae enlighten me,
I've waded through his tiresome scrolls
Wi' utmost assiduity!
But deil tak' me if I can mak'
Of a' his blether a wise-like ac',
His wuss seems, like a thief, to tak'
Crown rights for Tax Annuity!

Anither projec' he's pit forth,
And muckle waur it seems to me,
That citizens till death frae birth
Should pay in perpetuity;
In fac' to keep the ranklin' sore
On hirdies festerin' evermore,
Though I've shown him an open door
To 'scape frae Tax Annuity!

In fifteen years my scheme would save
Eneuch to keep the Kirk in fee,
But Non-intrusion parties rave
About the incongruity;
They'd rather pay an annual sum,
And grumble evermore to come,
Than gi'e Establishments a crum',—
Endowment for Annuity!

Then there's a chap they ca' Maclaren,
A canty draper lad was he,
He's always wrong, and wi' those sparrin'
Who do not wi' his view agree.
Trinity College funds he'd tak,
The Deans o' Chapel Royal sack,
He'd strip the coat frae off yir back,
To pay his Tax Annuity !

Anither ane's Professor Dick,
The famous veterinary fellay,
He'll cure a horse when it fa's sick,
He'll clip and singe and shoe it tae ;
He syne fought hard for previous Ac's,
Wi' Trinity Funds to pay the Tax,
But noo, like watchdoug guarding snacks,
He keeps them frae Annuity !

So I'm resolved to use my ain
Discretion in this 'mergency,
For like the dougs wi' lang heuk bane,
They fasten on and chew it tae ;
I'll push my Bill afore the Hoose,
Though ithers may play fast and loose,
And sure I am to cook the goose
O' Tax they ca' Annuity !

J. D. G.

THE GAME LAWS.

Air—"The Keel Row."

A REPORT in rhyme of a discussion on the Repeal of the Game Laws
in Parliament in 1869.

OH! the Repeal row!
The Game Laws Repeal row,
Oh! the Repeal row!
The Game Laws Repeal!
In Parliament, both Houses,
The food a rabbit browses,
Or hare, great strife arouses
For Game Laws Repeal!

Chorus.

Oh! the Repeal row, &c.

Loch's Bill proposed not finding
A legal contract binding,
The tenant never minding
His signature and seal!
But such a mode of action,
This breach of moral paction,
Is surely a transaction
The law should not anneal!

Chorus.

Some tenants cross are mooting
 The question how, by shooting,
 Their landlords now are looting
 Large sums by selling game.
 They wish you to remark this,
 A duke, an earl, or marquis
 First kills, then sells, the carcase,
 Which seems to them a shame !

Chorus.

They therefore have caprices
 To stick in all their leases
 The use of fowling pieces
 Upon the land they till !
 " For if," say they, " we 're breeders
 Of game, and also feeders,
 We should be made the leaders
 In shooting by the Bill !"

Chorus.

Some make a fuss by talking
 About the sport deerstalking
 Extinguishing sheep walking
 On every mountain crest !
 They hold that any glutton
 Would much prefer a cut on
 A haunch of Highland mutton
 To venison at best !

Chorus.

Maclagan's Bill is funny,
For with the tenant's gun he
Would slaughter hare and bunny,
And old Game Laws repeal!
He thinks 't would be the charmer
Of growling tenant farmer,
Who 'd not grudge loss to garner,
To give ground game a meal!

Chorus.

The game's most fierce assailer
Is Mr P. A. Taylor,
Who is a shocking railer
At laws made for the few!
He says a poacher's habit,
When he sees a hare or rabbit,
Is certainly to nab it,
And human nature too!

Chorus.

He wants a sweeping measure
For all to shoot at pleasure;
So those who have the leisure,
Of sport may take their fill!
To keep the crops from danger,
By game-destroying stranger,
He is the re-arranger
Of a stringent Trespass Bill!

Chorus.

The Advocate¹ would rather
Himself a Game Law father,
Which causes great palaver
About the farmer's claim !
They swear it is a bounty
To lawyers in the county,
To settle the amount ye
Would fix for loss by game !

Chorus.

J. D. G.

1869.

¹ The present Lord Young.



THE SAYRE'S SPLINT.

Air—The first Lord's Song in the *Pinafore*.

O H ! if you should fall at the football game,
Or at any other, for it's much the same,
And give yourself a nasty rack,
Depend upon it you have sprained your back !
Depend upon it you have sprained your back !
Then to Annandale, Chiene, or Watson go,
And tell them that the facts are so;
Depend upon it they will make you wear
The plaister jacket of Dr Sayre !
Depend upon it, &c.

They'll sling you up like a pig when stuck,
Or an ox when hoisted upon a truck,
And though you may faint with pain or fright,
Never mind, for they're sure to make all right !
Never mind, for they're sure to make all right !
For Annandale, Chiene, and Watson know
The treatment when the facts are so,
And depend upon it they will make you wear
The plaister jacket of Dr Sayre !
Depend upon it, &c.

Then when you 're suspended by chin and nose,
And touch the ground barely with tips of toes,
With rollers of bandage your trunk is swathed,
And thereafter in plaister of Paris bathed,
And thereafter in plaister of Paris bathed.

For Annandale, &c.

If in winter you 're walking along the street,
And a slippery slide beguiles your feet,
And you come down such a dreadful thud
As to make your nose run streams of blood !
As to make your nose run streams of blood !

Then to Annandale, &c.

When you 're fast asleep in a railway train,
Dreaming of love or worldly gain,
And a shocking collision makes you wake
To find that your spine 's got a frightful shake !
To find that your spine 's got a frightful shake !

Then to Annandale, &c.

When your daughter all day on bed reclines,
Drinks oceans of iron and quinine wines,
And complains that her back is so awfully weak,
She can't even breathe, or far less speak !
She can't even breathe, or far less speak !

Then to Annandale, &c.

If you should happen to break your leg,
And require a stump like Silas Wegg,
I advise you to seek Mr Annandale's wards,
Where your leg, when cut off, is hoisted by cords !
Where your leg, when cut off, is hoisted by cords !
On the theatre table he'll place you so,
With his gallows above and your leg below,
And it's hauled up when you are quite unaware
By the modified scaffold of Doctor Sayre !
And it's hauled up, &c.

J. D. G.

October 4th, 1879.



THE ARCADEY MAID.

A LEGEND OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

Air—"Lord Lovel."

YOUNG TIMKINS he courted a beautiful maid,
Who kept a pastry shop,
All in the centre of Lowther Arcade,
And in there he often would drop.

Now Timkins he was an apprentice bound
In Paul's Churchyard to Daking,
The party who first with a steam-engine ground
Roast beans for hot coffee making!

He was by no means a well-favoured youth,
In fact an awkward cub,
His knees they were knock, and his figure uncouth,
And his nose was decidedly snub!

But Timkins he had an affectionate heart,
And a soul big enough to aspire
To the prickling sensations of Cupid's winged dart,
And the love of his Anna Maria!

He took her one day to the rooms of Argyll
To have a most innocent hop,
And his bosom it throbbed as he thought how the while
He might find an occasion to pop !

Now Timkins he was universally said
To rank A1. among dancers,
But there were certain figures perplexing his head,
And he wasn't just up in the Lancers !

So Anna Maria was sitting that dance,
Her pouting lip showing displeasure,
When a handsome gent asked her to give him the chance
Of tripping with her that nice measure !

She rose with a smile and accepted his hand.
And soon that elegant couple
Were whirling to music of Laurent's fine band,
Their movements, to say the least, supple !

A jealous pang shot through poor Timkins' breast,
His nose it appeared to grow snubber ;
For an ill-omened bird was a-robbing his nest,
And he felt much disposed to blubber !

A stormy encounter he had with the stranger,
But at both words and blows he was worsted ;
The gent punched his head in a fix of much danger,
For under his arm he nursed it !

In a frenzy of rage and despair he rushed off,
For he felt that with him all was over,
For Anna Maria would now his love scoff,
And his rival would live upon clover !

Paul's Churchyard he gained and stole into the shop,
His aching head bursting with sorrow,
And into the coffee mill let himself drop,
And Timkins was missing next morrow !

They sought him in vain through London's fine city ;
Dragged the Thames, but could not find his body ;
When people spoke of it they said, " What a pity ! "
Or " Timkins has mizzled, that 's odd, eh ? "

A month has elapsed ; and Anna Maria
Is snugly ensconced in Lowther ;
She is not alone, by her side at the fire
The handsome young gent he is now there !

This Simpkins he was a gallant young barber
In Burlington's famous Arcade,
Since their dance at Argyll he had ventured to harbour
Fond love for that *Arcady* maid !

They cosily sit at a white napkined table,
His arm around her slim waist,
When Anna Maria cries, " Dearest ! I 'm able
Nice coffee to give you to taste !

" 'Tis essence I bought at the famed shop of Daking,
And it has a most exquisite bouquet."
Says Simpkins, " I'm sure it's good if it's your making,
As well as this excellent cookey !"

A gurgle-urgling noise rose up in the pot,
As if bursting with effervescence,
And a hollow-ollow voice was out of it shot,
" 'Tis Timkins' and not Daking's Essence !

" For the love of cruel Anna Maria I died,
Ground to powder in Daking's huge engines,
To *mock her* and Simpkins in *Mocha* I've tried
To slake my strong thirsting for vengeance !"

With a shriek of wild terror the maiden fell fainting,
And the hot coffee splashed o'er her face !
While Simpkins he fled without even acquainting
The neighbours with what had taken place !

They found her at last, but her reason had fled ;
She uttered these horrible sounds :
" My Timkins in *coffee*, not in *cough* *he's* gone dead,
And his lodging is in *the hot grounds* !"

J. D. G.

YARROW REVISITED.

A ROMANCE—AFTER WORDSWORTH.

ARGUMENT.

AT the time of the great discussion about St Mary's Loch and the Edinburgh Water Supply, Mr Romans, a gas engineer and one of the Town Council, went out on his own hook to examine the rival schemes, and reported thereon.

AN ancient youth,¹ to gaswork trained,
And “not to plough and harrow,”
Resolved to test the Water Scheme,
“And see the braes of Yarrow :”
Of pipes he had a knowledge great,
Supplied them oft to order,
So deemed he might on rival rate
Of merit be awarder !

With two contractors at his tail,
With pickaxe and wheelbarrow,
He sought, unasked, the lovely vale—
“The bonny holms of Yarrow :”
Then on to “still Saint Mary's Lake,”
And thence to lively Megget ;
His stout companions envied him,
He was so limber legged !

¹ One of the *Romans*.

He hopped and jumped across the ground,
As perky as a sparrow ;
And eight-and-thirty miles he found,
If straight as any arrow,
Would be the length of track required
Of culverts, pipes, and tunnels ;
While upwards of one thousand yards
He set aside for funnels.

To pounds and pence he then reduced
His complex computations ;
Three fifty thousand pounds the sum-
Total of his notations.
Homeward he came, to cheer the hearts
Of Lewis, Ford, and Skinner ;
Who cared not though the Scheme would rob
The Yarrow trout and minnow.

Bateman and Stewart had arrived
At much the same deduction ;
While Bouch and Hawksley thought the job
More costly in construction.
Muirhead the *Muirfoot* springs preferred—
The outlay would be narrow ;
While Rowatt would much rather drain
“ The dowie dens of Yarrow ! ”

The Water Company employed
The hammer-loving Geikie
To name what rocks would be destroyed
In tunnels to Auld Reekie.
But why this routh of engineers
On survey of "sweet Yarrow" ?
I cannot tell, but people say
They hope to "*win some marrow* !"

A man who did things in grand style—
The famous monarch Pharaoh—
Resolved to utilise the Nile
To fill the tanks at Cairo ;
Ratepayers would, I 'm sure, have thought
It like a wild *Romanza*,
If they 'd been told he water brought
From distant Lake Nyanza !

"Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream !"
Untaxed by water-duty !
Oh ! may it prove a fleeting dream
This wish to spoil thy beauty !
Perish the thought that would purloin
From Souter, fish, and fairy,
To put in some men's pockets coin,
The lov'd Loch of St Mary !

J. D. G.

February 25, 1869.

THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.

A NEW VERSION.

Air—"Eveleen's Bower."

TOM GUTHRIE was an orator,
A Free Kirk Scheme laborator,
For everything's new fashioned
In the present day!
He was followed and adored
By the shot lambs that he scored,
When disruption split his flock up
One fine day in May!

"Tom Guthrie," said his wife,
"You are now well on in life,
To start a little carriage
You in prudence may;
We'll daily have it out,
And take nice drives about,
So get along to Croall's, and buy
A one-horse chay!"

No sooner said than done:
The Doctor purchased one.
All on a certain morning
In the month of May,

You might have spied old Tom,
With pleasure starting from
His own hall door, and sitting in
The one-horse chay!

A coachman he had none!
The Jehu was his son!
Who drove along in gallant style
A groggy cobby grey!
Past Liberton they went,
And thought of the extent
Of souls watched o'er by Dr Begg
In his peculiar way!

Alas! what was in store!
They met a grisly boar,
Who rushed out from his pig-sty right
Across the way;
His monster tusks he showed,
As they drove up on the road,
Debating how to pass him in
The one-horse chay!

"Drive on! drive boldly on!"
Cries Guthrie to his son;
"Don't let the ugly brute have time
To rip up Dobbin grey:

THE ONE-HORSE CHAY.

It's that I'm told they try
When they escape from sty,
So let us whip on past him in
The one-horse chay!"

Alas! it was no go!
They either drove too slow,
Or what is still more likely, as
Its owner, Dod, would say;
They drove so very fast,
The beast could not get past,
And in his own defence ript up
The side of Dobbin grey!

I need not here note down
How Guthrie walked to town,
A-leading the poor animal
The fierce boar tried to slay;
But to this I may allude,
How he at law pursued
Pig-feeder Dod, for damage to
His horse and one horse-chay!

The Doctor took his 'davy,
That the boar should cry "peccavi,"
And ample compensation his
Proprietor should pay;

His feelings had been hurt,
When tumbled in the dirt,
Besides the frightful damage to
His horse and one-horse chay !

Dod on the Bible swore,
It was a harmless boar,
And ne'er was known to use its tusks
Before that day ;
His pig should be pursuer,
Not branded evil-doer,
For he had been assaulted by
The one-horse chay !

The sheriff wagged his head,
And then with wisdom said,
" This trial has been a horrid *bore*
To me in every way !
The evidence *utrique*,
Shows a case of *suum cuique*,¹
But, Doctor ! hire a coachman for
Your one-horse chay !"

J. D. G.

November 1872.

¹ Free translation—

Every man for himself !
or,
Every man for his pigs !

THE SALMON AND THE CART WHEEL.

ARGUMENT.

THE author, when fishing in the river Ailort, near Arisaig, was playing a salmon when it managed to squeeze itself under a cart wheel which was lying at the bottom of a deep pool.

WHEN a southerly breeze
Whistled soft through the trees,
And gently was swaying the yellow-haired crops,
I took out my rod
From its sanctum in quod,
And examined my reel, my ferules, and tops ;
For I was bent on catching a salmon
In Ailort's dark waters near far Arisaig,
Though Duncan, my gillie, swore he thought it all gammon,
And " She 'd much better gae oot and stalk ta red stag."

I fished the big pool
Where, his courage to cool,
They once a Lowland policeman had dipt,
But got not a rise,
Much to my surprise,
Though an hour and a half its broad surface I whipt.

So I reeled up and sought a rough running stream,
A few yards or so further up on the water,
Where oft I had seen a salmon's fin gleam,
My thoughts still deeply intent upon slaughter.

I next changed my fly,
Determined to try
The bright yellow tip from a gold pheasant's crest,
And made its tail twirl
Where the deep eddies curl
Round a sunken rock where a fish loved to rest.
He rose with a plunge and seized the gay lure,
Then turned and went down to digest it at leisure,
With a jerk of my wrist I had my prey sure,
That moment was an age of most exquisite pleasure!

He rushed here and there,
Tossed himself in the air
To try and break off from that treacherous fly,
But his efforts were vain,
Though my gut got a strain,
For 't was only single and not triple ply.
As exhausted he lay I was reeling him in,
And Duncan had gaff out to give him a prog,
When towards a deep hole he again made a spin,
And there he got fixed as if tied to a log.

I thought he was lost,
As, the head of stream crossed,
I sought to peer into the depths so profound,
And at length saw my line
He had managed to twine
Through a cart wheel that lay in the deepest part drowned ;
The fish lay beyond with his nose on the wheel,
For he had not got purchase sufficient to break ;
So Duncan ran off to a cow-house to steal
For a laudable end a double-pronged rake.

Wading up to his middle
He soon solved the riddle,
For with rake he contrived the wheel gently to raise,
With a whirr of delight
The fish fled out of sight,
But still he was on, in fisherman's phrase.
The wheel was pulled out to the shallow, and then
Both rod and line passed through it soon were set free ;
And shortly thereafter a fish of pounds ten
With sea lice upon him lay dead on the lea !!

J. D. G.



“CHARLES THE PRESENTER.”

Air—“Gentle Zitella.”

SUNG at a dinner given in 1864 to C. R. on the occasion of his being appointed to the office of Presenter of Signatures at the Parliament House.

TO Charles the Presenter
A kind welcome sing,
For now he's life-renter
Of a snug little thing.
He's a jolly fellow,
As all of you know ;
His wines they are mellow,
His dinners *comme il faut* !

Chorus.

Then to Charles the Presenter
A kind welcome sing,
For he is life-renter
Of a snug little thing !

I wish some wise Mentor
Would kindly make clear
What is a Presenter
Of Signatures here.
I have no idea
What is Charles's work,
But suppose it must be a
Singing job in the Kirk!

Chorus.

Churchmen, Dissenters,
Wesleyans, and all,
Have fine precentors
Their Psalm tunes to bawl;
They must have made choice
Of Charles for the hymns,
For his powerful voice
Would rival Reeves Sims!

Chorus.

Charles is on committee
A most useful man,
Hangs pictures so pretty
On an elegant plan.
At the Social Science Meeting
He took active part,
And Miss I. C. greeting
He quite won her heart!

Chorus.

Charles also keeps treasure
 At the Parliament House,
 Though a votary of pleasure
 He has plenty of *nous* !
 He was once sheriff depute,
 But did not aspire
 To try thieves of vile repute
 In a Northern shire !

Chorus.

At a Volunteer Congress
 This wonderful Crichton,
 Shoulders his Long Bess
 With new-fashioned sight on ;
 Of a sight he's inventor,
 Which I can't understand,
 By which this Arms *presenter*
 Long range can command !

Chorus.

As this is leap year,
 I lately have heard,—
 'T was whispered in my ear
 By "*von leetle bird*,"—
 That a young thing so gushing
 To Charles had confessed
 She would wed without blushing,
 If only slightly pressed !

Chorus.

“ You ’il surely now marry,”

Sighed that pretty dear,
And trip off to Paris

The honeymoon to cheer !

Parlez vous Francais,

Mon tres joli Charles !

Voulez vous commencer

Avec elle qui parle ? ”

Chorus.

Then let us all drink, boys !

To Charles’s good luck !

To a settlement in ink, boys,

May his signature soon be stuck !

And let us all hope, boys,

That Charles will not falter,

But shortly may pop, boys,

And *present her* at the Altar !

Chorus.

J. D. G.



“ LILLY.”

Air—Copyright.

WHEN all around was dark and drear,
And winter felt so chilly,
I sought a heart my own to cheer,
And found it in my Lilly!
Lilly!

I thought too many years were spent
In celibacy silly,
So with a fluttering heart I went
And asked the hand of Lilly!
Lilly!

Oh! some may love mere pretty flowers,
The rose, the daffodilly,
But I would choose for Cupid's bowers,
The modest blooming Lilly!
Lilly!

The ladies used to say I was
Too apt to dally dilly,
But now the blame's wiped off, because
I am engaged to Lilly!
Lilly!

I own I've flirted in my life,
And often got *doux billêts*,
But never thought upon a wife,
Till reading notes from Lilly!
Lilly!

I played at billiards, pool, and whist,
And rode upon a filly,
But from these idols will desist,
For now I worship Lilly!
Lilly!

I often thought 't was practice wise
In doctor friend so skilly,
In Hymen's Court to court a prize,
It made me think of Lilly!
Lilly!

I went and sat down by her side,
Her cheery heart said "Will he?"
'T was then I wooed and won my bride
And plighted troth with Lilly!
Lilly!

And though our path in life may be
At times both rough and hilly,
All sublunary care will flee
Away when shared with Lilly!
Lilly!

And when the night of life draws near
I'm sure it must be stilly,
I'll have, my parting soul to cheer,
The fond true love of Lilly!
Lilly!

J. D. G.

1864.



A NEW VERSION OF THE PHAIRSHION.

Mar. 20, 1883.

The enclosed poem was, I understand, picked out of the dust-bin of No. — Douglas Crescent by an intelligent Highland scavenger, who is about to attend the class in connection with the Celtic Chair.

J. D. G.

“TA GLENDALE CROFTERS.”

“PY HUR NAINSELLS.”

I T waas some men of Skye,
Who in their thochts resolvit
To seize ta hulls so high,
On Sassenach devolvit;
They swore that to their Clan
Ta land py richt belongit
Unteell py Eengleeshman
Their ancestors were wrongit.

Chorus.

Oigh! oigh! Cuchullin morrh!
Oigh! oigh! Ben Bealloch Blaven!
Troat schaw! MacPlackie! vorrh
Ta Dhaioul! vee arr starrvein!

Ta Glendale crofters rose,
And told ta Tormore shepherd
His days were near a close,
His poddy would be peppered

Uf he deed not withdraw
His sheep from Waterstein hull ;
Perhaps he deed not knaw
His death it micht pe painful !

Chorus.

These threats they frightened much
Ta frail old man, MacDiarmid ;
So he retired from such,
In case he should be harmed.
Macdonald took his place,
Put he more worse waas treated ;
They made hum run a race,
And then his person heated.

Chorus.

Ta Court now interfered,
And sent a process server ;
But hum ta crofters skeered,
They met hum with such fervour.
They swore no Court of law
Could keep a plackfaced wether
From eating fat he saw
Of Waterstein's fine heather !

Chorus.

Put law must pe opeyed
In all ta Pritish Islands ;
Three crofters were dismayed,
And came sooth from ta Highlands.

Ta Judge who tried ta case,
 He waas a man of science,
 If onst you saw his face,
 On hum you 'd have reliance !

Chorus.

It waas a famous trial—
 Ta trustee prosecutors
 Would not admit denial ;
 Ta crofters were freepooters.
 Robertson spoke their cause
 As counsel ; Graham Murray
 Waas chose to find oot flaws,
 Ta wutnesses to worry !

Chorus.

It waas a sicht to see
 To make your heart peat softer,
 Ta Dean of Facultee
 Defending of each crofter.
 His soul was in his work,
 Humsell from Skye descendant ;
 He tried on every quirk
 To wun for ta defendant !

Chorus.

He said ta evidence joint
 Of Shon and Neil Macpherson,
 Apoot ta case in point
 Gave quite a deefferent version ;

Pesides, they claimed ta land
For Phairshon, their forefather,
Who drank ta flood up, and
Waas thocht to spoil it rather !

Chorus.

He also said Macleod
Could prove his richt of action,
It ought to pe allowed
Because of his extraction.¹
His kith were *Clouds* in *Skye*
When Noah closed each rafter ;
And when ta hulls got dry
Ta Mac waas added after !

Chorus.

At length ta case came on
Pefore ta First Diveesion ;
Ta Chustice Chenereal shone
In giving this deceesion :—
“ Mee lads ! you ’re in ta wrong,
Ta jailor he must tak’ ye,
Put he won’t keep you long—
You were misled by Plackie ! ”

Chorus.

¹ It may be seen in the Legend of Montrose that the Clan MacEach were Children of the Mist ; in like manner the Clan Macleod were Children of the Cloud, and of at least as ancient origin.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST OF DOUGLAS
MACLAGAN.

Air—"The Cure."

MACLAGAN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
And Doctor to the Volunteers
In Edinburgh town.
A shot, a shot, a perfect shot,
A perfect shot was he
With rifle, gun, and carabine,
And bow of hickory !

MacLagan's spouse said to her dear,
" Though overworked you 've been
These thrice three tedious months, yet you
No holiday have seen.
Next Monday morning is the day
That shooting grouse begins,
So with big John Gillespie go
To stock our larder pins !"

Chorus.

A shot, &c.

“ My love,” quoth he, “ I think you ’re right ;
To Dickson’s shop I’ll hie,
And from his large breechloading stock
A new gun will I buy.”
John Dickson showed the sportsman keen
Breechloaders many a score,
With all the new inventions which
He had not seen before !

Chorus.

Says Dickson, “ Here ’s the very thing
Good shots like you require ;
It can be loaded in a trice
And has the central fire ! ”
The bargain made, John Dickson said
“ I’ll show you now the mode
To put it up, to take it down,
To loose the breech and load ! ”

Chorus.

Maclagan was a clever lad,
At learning was no dunce ;
“ Enough,” quoth he, “ just send it home,
I twig the dodge at once ! ”
The morning came, big John and he
Sought out the moor with joy ;
With dog, and gun, and lunch, and drink,
’T would be a glorious ploy !

Chorus.

Big John was ready first to shoot,
Sancho at point was stuck,
So turning to his friend he cried,
"Come on and try your luck!"
Alas! alas! alack the day!
The gun was still in bits,
Maclagan, seated on the ground,
Was puzzling all his wits!

Chorus.

With patience unsurpassed he strove
From ten till half-past one,
But failed to knit the eerie parts
Of that new-fashioned gun!
Sancho sat down beside his birds,
But, looking sometimes round,
His phiz expressed, "Why don't you come
To shoot the birds I've found?"

Chorus.

The old hen bird popped up her head,
The cock was perky too;
Their keckling evidently said,
"O crikey, here's a do!"
At length Maclagan told big John
In most desponding tone,
"I'm baulked by this infernal gun,
Go on and shoot alone!"

Chorus.

“ John Dickson must be dazed, I think,
I’m sure there’s something wrong;
Send in your man to say the stock
To barrels don’t belong ! ”
“ My shooting ere begun is o’er,
I homeward must retire ;
Confound John Dickson and his gun,
And blow that central fire ! ”

Chorus.

NOTE.

The keeper took the gun to town
And asked John Dickson if he
Did not feel shame. He seized the bits
And joined them in a jiffy !

Chorus.

MORAL.

Now from this tale I draw the text,—
Like cork from any flagon,—
“ Upon the twelfth of August next
Don’t imitate Maclagan ! ”

Chorus.

J. D. G.

ÆSCULAPIAN, *Sept.* 1, 1866.



THE WRECK OF THE NINA.

Air—"The Cork Leg."

ARGUMENT.

THE author and an invalid cousin from India went out rowing on Loch Ailort in a little punt used only to enable boatmen to reach the larger boats anchored near the shore, and were upset and nearly drowned in the manner described.

A TALE I'll tell in this here song,
Two chaps went out to pull so strong
"The Nina" Ailort's shores along
On Sunday, which was very wrong!
Ri tooral, &c.

One was a captain from the East;
To blame the cold he never ceased;
He wore two coats and shirts at least,—
That Audachy lamb he was well fleeced!
Ri tooral, &c.

The other was a doctor bred,
Who had no crop upon his head,
Still less there was inside, they said,
That 's why perhaps he couldn't get wed !

Ri tooral, &c.

It was so shallow they could not use
The paddles when commenced their cruise,
The doctor had to doff his shoes,
And roll up to the knees his trews.

Ri tooral, &c.

In that frail punt they pulled about,
Each lurch it gave it made them shout ;
Prime sailors they thought themselves, no doubt,
But their mothers did not know they were out.

Ri tooral, &c.

The captain he sat at the bow,
When the doctor said, I 'll show you how
Myself can handle both oars now,
And swift can make "the boatie row !"

Ri tooral, &c.

But scarcely had that party spoke,
When, pulling such a vigorous stroke,
The left-hand rowlock fairly broke,
And soused those Sabbath-breaking folk !

Ri tooral, &c.

Right bottom upwards turned the boat,
O'er the doctor's head contrived to float,
It nearly drowned that leech of note
On whom his patients fondly doat !

Ri tooral, &c.

The captain, he was pitched quite clear,
But filled he was with frightful fear,
For the doctor nowhere did appear,
And he 'gan to shed kind pity's tear !

Ri tooral, &c.

At length emerged a bare, bare, poll,
Just like a Dutch wood-headed doll,
And a spluttering voice was heard to bawl,
"Oh ! try from me this boat to haul !"

Ri tooral, &c.

They soon contrived the boat to right,
But it filled and sank quite out of sight.
You must pause and shudder with affright,
While I concoct what next to write !

Ri tooral, &c.

Though each one's cheek was *a little pale*,
They nothing had the boat to bail,
Till the captain cried, "I've hit the nail,
The doctor's shoes will much avail !"

Ri tooral, &c.

The boat was baled ; but how to get
Within it was a puzzle yet ;
By crawling o'er the stern they met
The danger, and were not upset !

Ri tooral, &c.

And now they paddle quick to land,
And joyfully jump on the strand ;
With pleasure grasp each proffered hand
Of welcome friends, who round them stand !

Ri tooral, &c.

MORAL.

My tale is o'er ; but ponder well
The moral its sad features tell :
Don't on Sunday go out in a mere cockle shell
With a doctor, bad rowlocks, and an *Eastern swell* !

Ri tooral, &c.

J. D. G.

1862.



THE COLLEGE RESTAURANT.

Air--“The Poacher.”

VEN I became a student,
In famous Edinburghsheer,
I vent to classes duly
Up to this very year ;
Until they started a Restaurant,
As you shall quickly hear.
Oh ! it's moy deloight to have a boight
O' zummat washed down wi' beer !
Oh ! it's moy, &c.

But an A1. professor,
Of the Clinical Surgery Cheer,
It vent agin his principles,
It somehow did appear.
He said, “That horrid Restaurant
Vill mischief do, I fear ;
They vill come to my class from drinking Bass,
And have a drunken leer !”
They vill come, &c.

Outspake Sir Janies Y. Simpson,
The famous accoucheer,
“About this College Restaurant
I really don't dispeer :

I do not think there 's any use
In making such a steer,
For if you don't vink at a moderate drink
You 'll drive 'em to Rutherford's beer !
For if you don't, &c.

Then up jumped John Hughes Bennett, whom
The codfish hold in fear,
Who thus to the Senatus spoke :
" If you 'll lend me your ear,
I 'll prove to you malt liquor makes
The head reverse of clear ;
It muddles the brain, droives people insane,
And brings them to their *bier* !"
It muddles, &c.

Up started Robert Christison,
The gallant volunteer,
Who cried, " I think it very wrong
To vilify good beer ;
'T was praised by our immortal bard,
Renowned old Will Shakspeare ;
It gladdens all hearts, fresh strength imparts
And dries up sorrow's tear !"
It gladdens, &c.

But Syme cried, " A professor should
Respect his caractere,
And touching this here student's drink
I loikes things on the squeeer ;

But I've been told that Christison
He has at least von sheer
In the brewer's vans from Prestonpans,
That hawk old Fowler's beer!"
In the brewer's vans, &c.

Then Spence, the pure-bred surgeon, known
Vell in each hemisphere,
He looked as if he felt disposed
To crow like chanticleer;
He croid, "Spoight of us they'll drink and smoke
Until their eyes grow blear,
So let 'em have swoipes and meerschaum poipes,
Half filled with Latakia!"
So let 'em, &c.

Out burst the fiery Playfair¹ then :
"I am surprisoid to hear
Sich language in our Senate Hall,
It grates upon moy ear;
A student loike old Bacchus drinks,
And smokes loike a fakeer,
Cold water and baps I'd give sich chaps,
Not Imrie as tapsteer!"
Cold water, &c.

¹ In justice to Sir Lyon Playfair, it must be stated that his views on the question were different from what has been celebrated in the song, as he explained to the author years after it was composed.

Next followed bold Maclagan,
 Who has in his career
 Composed full many a drinking song,
 And met vith no compeer :
 I'm sure he vos in ages past
 Apollo Belvidere ;
 He sang 'em a song, called Restaurant,
 Vith music by *Meyerbeer* !
 He sang 'em, &c.

At last Sir David Brewster,
 Whom all on us revere,
 He croid, " Moy views are liberal,
 Ve should not be austere ;
 So I vill give the casting vote
 To have malt liquors here,
 And let the Professors, with their Assessors,
 Go in and have a sheer !"
 And let, &c.

So here's to the Senatus and
 To that discussion queer,
 Long may they live to push the can,
 Nor at good liquor sneer.
 I'll fill moy mug, and drain the jug,
 And give a hearty cheer,
 For it's moy deloight to have a boight,
 O' zummat washed down wi' beer !
 For it's moy, &c.

J. D. G.

A FRENCH DINNER.

FEBRUARY 1ST, 1866.

O H! I must try to plan a verse
In praise of our club managers,
Who kindly have invited me to dine with them to-day,
To eat the dainty things
That Monsieur Roger brings
De tous les divers quartiers de ce joli pays!

There were "Huitres aux naturelles,"
So juicy in their shell,
Washed down by a glass of very good Chablis,
Then "Tortue à l'Anglais,"
With its fat so green and grey,
And "Punch" dans l'estomac pour le faire établi!

The "Consommé au gibier,"
I wouldn't tell a fib to ye,
Il fût un tres épouvantable effort de cuisine;
"Crimped salmon" from the Tweed,
On which a prince might feed,
And "Turbôt, sauce d'Homard," quite a dainty for the
Queen!

“ Croutards à la Moelle,”
Which gourmands love so well,
And “ Cotelettes de mouton parîé’s aux Epinards ”;
Against “ Suprêmes aux truffes ”
We none of us were proof,
And, munching them approvingly, exclaimed, “ How good
they are ! ”

“ Dinde, braisée avec Huitres,”—
So pronounced to suit the metre,—
Was a turkey you would wish to see at dinner every day ;
Eating “ Jambon au Madère,”
When boiled in wine so rare,
Drove all thought of the *Trichina Spiralis* away !

The saddle of prime mutton
Would have gladdened every glutton,
And what we call “ Stewed beef,” although it had a foreign
name ;
“ Bécasses,” “ Canards sauvages,”
Made me murmur “ Quel dommage !
I have not got a corner left to try your little game ! ”

Oh ! how can couplets praise
The “ Lobster Mayonnaise ” ?
The master stroke of Roger’s inimitable skill ;
’T was flanked by many a sweet,
But I, too full to eat,
Felt, alas ! an inward craving for John Burt’s dinner pill !

Then as for all the wine,—
Especially that Steyne!—
The steward with the courses made so merrily to pass,
They all were perfect, very !
The hock, champagne, and sherry,
And I'll tell you of the claret when I've drunk another
glass.

J. D. G.



THE LADY DOCTOR.

Air—"Wait for the Waggon."

I ONCE was very poorly,
I thought I should have died,
For colic pains were surely
A-twisting my inside;
My servants were in terror;
You 're very ill, they said,
It is some shocking error
In diet you have made.

Chorus.

So they ran off for a doctor,
And they brought a lady doctor,
But my trouble should have shocked her
As she sat at my bedside!

Says I, "Miss Anne Atomey,
Where got you your degree?
Just your diploma show me
Before you doctor me.

I 'm willing to grant you skill
To fight health's enemy,
But ere you give me blue pill
I 'd your credentials sec."

Chorus.

She was a charming doctor,
A learned lady doctor,
But my trouble should have shocked her
As she sat at my bedside !

She pulled from 'neath her tunic
A monster Latin scroll,
Obtained, she said, from Zurich,
But that was not the whole ;
At home she had a better
From Edinburgh town,
For 't was at Alma Mater
She donned her graduate's gown.

Chorus.

Brown, Balfour, Bennett, Simpson,
Had all her name enrolled ;
Kind Masson said his limbs on
A bandage she might fold ;
Though Turner cross denied her
Dissections in his class,
Handyside supplied her
With quite enough to pass !

Chorus.

She had applied to Lister
 To follow his clinique,
 He surely would assist her
 With lectures twice a week ;
 But he declined to listen,
 And swore he 'd enter not one ;
 So, 'stead of hearing his'n,
 She fee'd Pat. Heron Watson.

Chorus.

He only could give one day
 To teach them out of seven,
 So fixed it upon Sunday
 For Jex and her eleven.
 Some managers asserted
 'T would hurt religion's shrine,¹
 But provost bold outblurted
 "The *service* is *divine*!"

Chorus.

A twinge in my interior
 Forbade my hearing more ;
 'T was plain she was inferior
 To none in doctor's lore ;

¹ It is a fact that at a meeting of the Royal Infirmary managers the lord provost, James Cowan, said he had visited Dr Watson's wards on the Sunday forenoon when the lady students were being instructed, and that *the service was divine*.

So I gave up my scruples,
And resigned myself to fate,
While she peeped in my pupils,
And counted the pulse rate.

Chorus.

She was so young and gushing
I did not feel at ease,
'T was I who did the blushing,
When she pulled up my chemise,
And percussed my abdomen
To find the seat of pain ;
'T was horrid lovely woman
Should do such things for men !

Chorus.

She cried, " My diagnosis
Is oysters and spatchcock
Last night, and the prognosis
Is simply cured by chalk."
I paid a guinea golden
To recompense her skill.
But the licence she was holding
Was a bad *Per Missive* Bill !

Chorus.

Oh fie ! that lady doctor !
That charming lady doctor !
My trouble should have shocked her
As she sat at my bedside !

November 8th, 1869.

J. D. G.

THE IRISH DISSECTED VENUS.

Air— “ Norah Crinah.”

COME and see Dissected Vanus,—
Model of Miss Kate Maclarty ;
Shows the human form as plain as
If it was a living party.
Every hour I give a lecture
Telling sacrets anatomical,
Soon I'll tache you to dissect your-
Self, if you've a wish so comical !

Chorus.

Come and see, &c.

First of all the head I notice,
Full of bumps her lovers gave her ;
Though a phrenologist has wrote us
They were not caused by their behaviour,
But by all her faults and vartues
Struggling in a bony caput ;
So, this philosopher argues,
The skull requires a brain to shape it !

Chorus.

Now I shall remove the skull cap
 And expose the Dura Mater,
 All may see, except some dull chap,
 Skin like what's on every tatur :—
 Dura Mater does not mane her
 Cruel Mama, but this here cover,
 Fitting toightly to the brain, Sorrh !
 As if made by skilful glover !

Chorus.

Lifting this you see before ye
 The hemispheres, the lobes, the sulci.
 Were I not afraid to bore ye,
 I'd mix the utile cum dulce,
 Show ye all the nooks and crannies
 Where the thoughts and feelings dwell in,
 Toime is precious, so moy plan is,
 Other subjects to be telling !

Chorus.

There you see the bigh carotid,
 Larger, Ma'am, than your ring finger ;
 'T is the place where min besotted
 Cut their throats to troy to injure ;
 If they miss it in the stroggle, Sorrh !
 Still they may become so lucky
 As to chance to wound the jugular,—
 Here it's, filled with purple stuccy !

Chorus.

Here I touch the moighty deltoid,
 In the shape of a troiangle ;
 Faix ! it was by Katie well troid,
 When she used to work the mangle.
 Below it is the boiceps muscle,
 In this faymale much developed ;
 Had you met her in a tussle,
 By the powers ! you would be well whipt !

Chorus.

Goodness ! gracious ! Doctor Walker !
 Lave alone the model's linen !
 Here's a leddy says you shock her !
 So stick agin that safety pin in !
 If you use such bad behaviour,
 Though you were President of the College,
 A policeman will make you lave here,
 To seek some other sate of knowledge !

Chorus.

And now I ind this dimonstration ;
 But gintleman or lady student
 Who wish more knowledge in their vocation,
 May stay behoind, but others should n't.
 The mysteries of ould Mother Nature,
 The physiology of the sexes,
 I'll tache in dacent nomenclature,
 As Handyside did the band of Jexes !

Chorus.

LOYAL GAELIC POETRY.

(From the Scotsman of July 23, 1872.)

EDINBURGH, July 22.

SIR,—Professor Blackie has done a great service to all admirers of the Highlands by sending you a Gaelic version of “God save the Queen”; but I fear there are few readers of the *Scotsman* so well up in the beautiful ancient language of our country as to understand it. An enthusiastic Highland ghillie composed some time ago a Gaelic song in honour of the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne. Feeling that such a song would be in a measure lost to the general public, I asked him to translate it if possible, and he has sent me the enclosed, which I hope may, to quote Professor Blackie, “give the uninitiated some idea of the materials of which this venerable language is made up.” The chorus, he tells me, would lose much of its pith by translation, so it is given intact.—I am, &c. X.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Air—“The Market-Place of Inverness”—a Strathspey.

HAVE you heard ta news,
 Apoot ta crate Maccallum Morr,
 How his son dud chose
 To knock at Windsor Castle door,
 And ask ta leddy Queen,
 Her dochter fair Louise to wed,
 Bekase she dud not mean
 To have a German Prince instead!

Victoria asked hum in to tea,
Vowed she loved ta kilt and Highlands,
Said her dochter he might see,
Ta sweetest flower in Britain's islands;
Rang ta pell, and called her down
From ta royal nurserie—
She wore a Campbell tartan gown,
As an anniversarie!

Chorus—

Cam ar a shee varrh,
Ha prie an dhu, Ha prie an Neanach!
Cam ar a shee varrh,
Prie ma mou, a ca shin caillach!
Usquepagh ha lesh ush haigh,
Usquepagh sma stilgh, Glenlivat!
Usque, Usque, Usquepagh!
Ham i shaw, Glenlivat!

Ta Queen, she left ta pair
To talk apoot their love and troth,
Went up ta Castle stair,
That all alone they might pe poth.
Ta Marquis, he was glad,
And asked Louise to play and sing,
Threw off his pelted plaid,
And danced with glee ta Highland fling!

His dancing ut was very coot,
 He covered several times ta puckles,
 Snapt his fingers as if wood
 Or niggers' bones was in his knuckles.
 Louise brought oot a mutchkin flask,
 With whisky plied ta "*willing Barkis*,"
 Tull his courage rose to ask
 Wull you have ta Marquis?

Chorus—Cam ar a shee varrh, &c.

'T was on a Tuesday morn,
 A prood day for ta house Argyll!
 Ta Princess wedded Lorne
 At Windsor Chapel in noble style.
 Ta Queen sat on her throne,
 Wuth all her children standing near,
 Some bigh, some leetle grown,
 All praying for their sister dear!
 Ta leddies almost eigha-ty
 Was dressed oot in ta height of fashion;
 While nobles, priests, and laity
 Was there, ta pride of Britain's nation!
 Ta service, ut was not performed
 By ta Bishop of Canterbury;
 But Campbell's piper all hearts warmed
 Wuth his chanter merry!

Chorus—Cam ar a shee varrh, &c.

Now Lorne and his Louise,
As I've been told by bigh John Brown,
Have crossed ta stormy seas
To represent the British Crown ;
And they have been received,
As is, whatever, John's opinions,
Which ought to be pelieved,
With welcome in these large dominions ;
Where ta natives, I've been told,
Go naked, and don't wear ta kilt
To keep them from ta bitter cold,
Which is more worse than in Glen Tilt ;
And only wear small bits of gold
Stuck through their ears and in their noses,
To make them look more fierce and bold,
As John Brown supposes.
Chorus—Cam ar a shee varrh, &c.



LUMBAGO.

Air—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

O H! have you heard the news of late,
Which I to you will now narrate,
How a Doctor had the horrible fate
To be floored by the Lumbago!
This Doctor led a life so gay,
He dined out almost every day,
And you would smile to see the way
His knife and fork he made to play;
And as for drink, though not teetotal,
Of Ayala he'd belt a bottle,
Then with old Port he'd wet his throttle,
Which brought on the Lumbago!

Chorus.

Then one and all, good people, wait
Till I this dismal tale narrate,
How a Doctor had the horrible fate
To be floored by the Lumbago!

His patients were much grieved to hear
The state of one they loved so dear,
'T is said some even dropt a tear

For the slave to the Lumbago !
Some sent him messages so sweet,
Hoping they soon again might meet ;
Some an infallible receipt,
Placed aunts and cousins on their feet ;
But had he tried each vaunted cure
For only six hours' space, I 'm sure
Six years at least he would endure
The torments of Lumbago !

Chorus.

I 'll tell you of a General now,
Who thought he knew the method how
To clear the Doctor's painstruck brow,
And cure him of Lumbago !
For he himself had been once hipped,
When to the far Crimea shipped,
Where he by awful pains was whipped,
Till an old wife her secret tipped.
She used a liniment so free,
It reddened his back as well could be ;
Three vigorous rubs, a slap ! and he
Was cured of the Lumbago !

Chorus.

He brought a bottle of the same,
 As used by that athletic dame,
 And said he'd soon no more be lame,
 But cured of the Lumbago!
 The Doctor thanked the General bluff,
 Rewarded him with pinch of snuff,
 Then rubbed in at the welcome stuff,
 Till weary elbows cried "Enough!"
 It did no good! There's no denial!
 The doctor seized the vacant phial,
 Read "Lotion for the Ears." Oh, trial!
 No cure for the Lumbago!

Chorus.

But what is infinitely worse,—
 Enough to raise a fellow's birse,
 And make him swear, or even curse,
 Far worse than the Lumbago!—
 The ear-wash power was so intense
 It roused the auditory sense
 In Doctor's lumbar regions dense,
 At proper aural part's expense;
 So, though you roar loud in his ear,
 The Doctor can no longer hear;
 To get an answer you must speir,
 At seat of the Lumbago!

Chorus.

J. D. G.

A FISHY SUBJECT.

A WISE-HEADED bairn
From burgh of Nairn,
Says Mrs Dalgairn
Has no fish to fry ;
And is n't it sad
That they're not to be had,
Their destruction's so bad
You can't get them to buy !
For monsters of the finny tribe
Upon the helpless victims feed ;
'T would melt a Soyer to describe
The awful havoc in the breed !

Chorus.

Then Mr Drew,
We trust in you
The edible few
Of our fish to save :
To try a plan
For the frying pan ;
Of leviathan
To rid the wave !

Devours on large scale
 Does the bottle-nosed whale ;
 But, as we know, shale
 Is so frightfully dear ;
 We should kill him for oil,
 His guzzling thus foil,
 Get, moreover, our broil,
 When we 've stopt his career !
 The walloping porpoise also rolls
 Along the billow's curling crest,
 And gobbles herring up in shoals
 Which British matrons might have dressed !
 Chorus—Then Mr Drew, &c.

Destructive seals
 And conger eels
 All rob our creels
 Of dainty fish ;
 As Drew remarks,
 Voracious sharks
 Swim round our barks
 With man-eating wish.
 To save our game upon the earth
 We slaughter birds and beasts of prey ;
 Why should it not our while be worth
 Worse monsters of the deep to slay ?
 Chorus—Then Mr Drew, &c.

What though George Loch
The scheme may mock,
At the Treasury knock
 Till you get some aid !
What though John Bright
Says " No," polite,
Unceasing write
 To the Board of Trade.
Bright is a salmon-fisher keen,
 Loch loves the herrings of *Loch* Fyne :
They should implore our gracious Queen
 To shield them in the vasty brine !
 Chorus—Then Mr Drew, &c.

J. D. G.

January 18, 1869.





THE MEDICAL MAID.

Air—"Green grow the Rashes, O!"



AS I gae'd owre tae meet my class,
A winsome quean cam' after me.
Quo' she, "Sir, wad ye gi'e a lass
Prelections on Anatomy?"
I speired was there nae wark at hame
Micht suit her mair becomingly,
For delvin' in a corpse's wame
Was neither sweet nor womanly.

But deil may care, she said her sphere
Was not domestic drudgery;
An' threapit that her mission here
Was medicine an' surgery;
Nae langer she'd her cawnle hide,
Anaeth a bushel, scomfishin',
Since woman noo wi' rapid stride
Her function was accomplishin'.

Afore her powers o' speech I fell,
She fairly got command o' me,
I felt I wasna just mysel'
An' she'd the upper hand o' me.
Wi' smiles sae sweet, an' words sae fair,
She made I watna what o' me.
Says I, "My woman, fleech nae mair ;
I'll drill ye in Anatomy."

I thocht I did but what was richt,
Tae treat her wi' urbanity ;
My state, hooever, since that nicht
Has bordered on insanity.
I'm clean dumbfounded what to say,
What pairts tae gi'e, whaur she's tae be ;
For decency I think I'll ha'e
Her demonstrations privately.

My best *cadaver* she at ance
Bespoke in its integrity ;
It was a male : I couldna but
Admire her intrepidity ;
When I suggested something mair
Consistent wi' propriety,
At ance she said she wadna be
Restricket in variety.

Frae day till day I've thocht the jade
Wad drive the senses oot o' me,
Wi' speirin' whiles about sic things
As did pit me about a wee ;
An' aye she'd houp I'd not forget,
Wi' want o' generosity,
'T was science set her there, and not
A morbid curiosity.

My words oot o' respect for her
I've trimmed wi' ingenuity ;
At ance she said my language was
Devoid o' perspicuity.
She disna gi'e a single flea
For feminine timidity,
Demandin' baith tae hear an' see
The plain facts wi' lucidity.

It's no mysel' alane she skeers
Frae speakin' wi' security,
Ilk bashfu' lecturer she hears,
Taks refuge in obscurity ;
Oor houdies a' she pits till shame,
For wi' superiority,
It speaks about the female frame
On sic direct authority.

Ilk jurisprudence lecturer
Complains o' his predicament,
He canna thole tae speak till her
On horrors that suld mak' her faint.
It's kittle no tae feel confused,
Or tell her wi' facility,
O' things that micht mak her amazed,
If that's a possibility.

The surgical professors say
It wad be sae incongruous
O' certain ills tae speak, that they
Maun modify their syllabus.
A class o' matrons they micht face,
O' strict respectability,
But frisky kimmers in the place
Tells on their equanimity.

The folk outside bid us gi'e in
Syn' we're in the minority,
They haud oor case no worth a prin
An' her's tae hae priority.
I was a gowk tae tak' her in,
For now she'll no gang oot again,
Man's first mishap cam' by a lass,—
My days ha'e been cut short by ane.

J. S.

“QUACK, QUACK, QUACKERY.”

Air—“Jim the Carter Lad.”

THIS song refers to Quackery ; a thing that's not so bad,
Since nowhere else so many perfect cures are to be had,
Each one from every malady will make you quite secure,
And should it fail, another's quite prepared to work the cure.
For nervousness, or listlessness, or bloodlessness, combined
With any other somethingness, a remedy you'll find,
Which cures your gout, removes your corns, your whiskers helps
to grow
Sets up your liver, oils your joints, and makes your juices flow.
Quack ! quack ! keep it up, there's no disease so bad,
But fifty perfect cures for it can any day be had.

For such as have hysteria and flatulently belch,
What pill is there that can compare with those of Widow Welch ;
Or should your skins be pimply or your stomachs be at fault,
There's Mr Eno tells you that the remedy's Fruit Salt.
If suffering from headaches or from pains about your spine,
Against such dispensations now you need not long repine,
Sensations of such nasty kind will never more be felt
If you will only wear a proper sized Magnetic Belt.
Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

From warts, vertigo, sneezing, hiccup, trembling of the nerves,
A Pulvermacher chain, you'll find, effectually preserves ;
While if into your head you feel your blood inclined to roam,
It's checked at once by using an Electric Small-tooth Comb.
Suppose that from your cranium the hairs begin to drop,
Or that your locks get snowy in a way you'd like to stop,
Macassar Oil, or Mrs Allan, famous o'er the world,
Will clothe your scalp with auburn crops, got up and nicely curled.

Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

Specific balsams for bronchitis or a common cold
Are found in Powell's Aniseed and Horehound, we are told ;
While, should your dental apparatus be on the decline,
No end of grinders you may save by using Floriline.
Should corpulence your figure jeopardise, no matter what
Your size may be, a remedy you'll find in Anti-fat ;
While there's old Jacob Townsend, ready from your blood to prove
That his Sarsaparilla every poison will remove.

Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

Perhaps you are afflicted with dyspepsia or bile,
Then what you need is plainly Norton's Pills of Camomile ;
While, if you wish to take a ride to Khiva, you will find
A box of Cockle's keep you clear in body and in mind.
And lastly, should tuberculosis of you get a hold,
You know that by the highest testimonials we are told
How any one, at any time, its ravages may foil,
While in the liver of the cod we find De Jongh's Brown Oil.

Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

You've Holloway with pills and ointment, Lamplough with
saline ;

You've Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and all kinds of chlorodyne ;

You've antiseptic soap ; in fact, there's not the slightest doubt

The way to live's to swallow every new cure that comes out.

The doctors think for sep'rate ills a sep'rate cure's required,

But they'd soon change their mind were they by quackery
inspired ;

For here, though cures be many, yet the system that's disclosed

Is, each one singly cures all ills however much opposed.

Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

J. S.



FAITHFUL MOLL.

Air.—"Old King Cole."

IT was where cyclones raging roar
And monsoons reg'lar blow
We reefed our stays on a mizzen shore
For we would homeward go.
But the captain (which his name was Brown),
He hauled his wind to sound,
Then he sings out, "Mates, we're going down
Instead of homeward bound."
With a yo heave ho, heave ho yo ho,
Heave ho and a hoy yo ho.

The words our gallant captain said
Did spread dismay around;
For says he, "Splice my figure head
If the main hatch aint aground."
Then Moll sung out, "Hold hard by me,"
While her tears did so abound
That I argues, "Here's the briny sea
Then why in tears be drowned?"
With a yo heave, &c.

Them words, "Your Moll will still be true,"
In the log she writes 'em down ;
With "Bless the eyes of all the crew,"
Then adds, "I 'm game to drown."
But she and I were floating by
On a marlinspike we 'd found,
When I ports the helm and says, "My eye,"
Our keels are touchin' ground.
With a yo heave, &c.

This was a desert island which
We two upon were thrown ;
So Moll and me, considerin' sich,
Seemed kind of all alone.
This somehow took her all aback
And did her feelings wound,
But she soon come square, and, says she, "Jack,
I thinks I 'm comin' round."
With a yo heave, &c.

To cut this long yarn short at last,
'T was when long years had flown
An exploration ship come past
On a science cruise agoin'.
The desert island for to see
She come, but none was found,
For the natives now were as many
As the crew which had been drowned
With a yo heave, &c.

Now, what I says about this case
Is, that it plainly shows
Civilisation and that sort
Of thing for little goes.
No king, no government, and no
Political party
Had we, and yet they found all hands
As happy as could be.
With a yo heave, &c.

J. S.



THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL DIRECTORY, 1880-81.

OUR Annual Directory seems really worth the pains
Of noticing the curious addresses it contains ;
For everything that 's underneath the sun you 'll find a name
Of somebody or other there that represents the same.
You 've Stone and Flint, and Gold and Silver, Fields and Cliffs
and Walls,
And Hills and Dales, and Parks and Meadows, Trees and Lands
and Halls,
With Lakes and Towers, and Ponds and Briggs, and Under-
woods and Flowers,
And Birch and Box and Berry, Roses, Gowans, Woods, and
Bowers.

You 've Burns and Banks, Greenhills, Greenfields, and Dykes and
Craigs and Brooks,
And Fords and Glens, and Muirs and Peats and Heaths, while he
who looks
May meet with Kidds and Lambs and Birds, Doves, Eagles,
Drakes and Swans,
And Waters too, with Crabbs and Cockles, Fishers, Shores, and
Sands.

You've Taylors, Archers, Barbers, Gardners, Bakers, Saddlers,
Cooks,
Smiths, Cutlers, Shepherds, Butlers, Pages, Hunters, Nobles,
Dukes ;
With Potts and Combs, Gunns, Spears and Shields, and Rice and
Hays and Corns,
Glass, Cotton, Butter, Irons and Steel, Bones, Ivory and Horns.

You've Pypers, Skinners, Farmers, Husbands, Smart and Blyth
and Strong,
Sharp, Young, and Jolly, Auld and Hardie, Small and Short and
Long ;
With Constables and Baillies, Knights and Sheriffs, Dons and
Wights,
And Walkers, Trotters, Baxters, Souters, Millers, Masons,
Wrights,
Kirks, Abbots, Bishops, Elders, Deans, and Church and Clerk
and Priest,
Frost, Summer, Winter, May, and Yule, with Rainy, West and
East ;
But with Dunbar, Carlisle, York, Peebles, Scotland, Ireland, Fife,
I've said enough about the names with which this book is rife
To show that our Directory is really worth the pains
Of noticing the curious cognomens it contains.

J. S.

THERE'S NAE GERMS ABOUT THE HOOSE.¹

OCTOBER days were snell and clear
When Masons, great and sma',
The new infirmary to found
Filled our Masonic Ha'.
But there's nae use for ony new
Infirmary ava',
Micht not the auld house yet ha'e dune
Wi' a' the germs awa'?
For, noo they've carbolised the house,
There's nae germs ava',
An' nae corruptions in the house
Wi' a' the germs awa'.

Man's been by vermin fashed for lang,
Baith puzhonous an' sma',
A flea or a pediculus
Is kent to ane an' a'.
But 'twasna till the ither day,
The deadliest by far
Was grippit gaun tae fyle the pus
O' ilka open scar.
But, noo they've carbolised the house, &c.

¹ The foundation stone of the new Royal Infirmary was laid October 1870, at a time when antiseptics were creating much excitement.

There's Tyndall says o' licht the rays
Are naething mair ava'
Than coruscations frae the hides
O' siccan cratur's sma'.
The atmosphere's sae fu' o' them
That, gin ye gi'e a blaw,
The licht an' animalcules baith
Are whiskit clean awa'.
But, noo they've carbolised the house, &c.

What signifies a change o' site,
Or drainage o' the lands?
What for suld architects gang gyte
Wi' their pavilion plans?
It's no the place, but just the air,
Whilk, fu' o' deadly spores,
Blaws into every wound an' sair
Sic nasty beasts by scores.
But, noo they've carbolised the house, &c.

But ilka bruise an' wound an' sair
Wi' antiseptic skill
Oor surgeons noo can easy cure
Whaur ance they used to kill.
Still better, they can stitch an' sew
Wi' kippered ligatures—
The system takes them up an' sac
This feeds as weel as cures.
For, noo they've carbolised the house, &c.

In times gane by there 's no a wife
 Was ever in the straw
 But warstled for her very life
 Amang sic atoms sma'.
 They creepit but an' creepit ben,
 An' frae their cankerin' power
 There 's not a place ye could defend
 Conspicuous or obscure.
 But, noo they 've carbolised the house, &c.

But houdies noo wull be to blame
 Whan mithers slip awa'
 Gin they 've no clarified the frame
 Wi' carbolised aqua.
 Sae wad ye sing wi' proper birr
 A theme o' modern days,
 Let antiseptics an' their power
 Claim a' yer notes o' praise.
 For, noo they 've carbolised the house,
 There 's nae germs ava',
 There 's nae corruption in the house
 Wi' a' the germs awa'.

J. S.

October 1870.

THE GREAT PYRAMID IN ITS MODERN
APPLICATIONS.

A MEDLEY.

Air—"I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls."

I DREAMT I was living at grand Cairo,
For the Sphinx I had travelled to see,
When I found the great Pyramid making a row
In settling what it might be.
For its length, and its breadth, and its general cut
Had been stated most curiously
To be all metronomic, and certainly not
What people had thought them to be, to be,
What people had thought them to be.

And I dreamt while I scanned its proportions sublime
That I heard in the "Chamber of Kings"
The mummy of "Cheops," which talked for some time,
Revealing most curious things.
It had walked with Piazzzi the Pyramid o'er,
Its symbolic points to explain,
And the reason why these were not known before
It described in the following serious strain,
In the following serious strain.

Air—"Down among the Dead Men."

This Pyramid was first proposed by me,
To be built for the reasons you shall see ;
For trade in Egypt then did seem
Demanding an improvement scheme.

With measure short, they did extort
Plunder which demanded, that there should be handed
Down, down, down, down
Some standard measure of capacity.

My purpose in the Pyramid was kept from view ;
But all along its builders knew
It was ready for employment when required,
Which proved those persons were inspired.

So of its use from then till now
Not the smallest mention, or the least attention
Down, down, down, down
From the first is found till the present row.

That this is all the mystery
Is a fact, believe me, Piazzai ;
But the period 's arrived that makes it wise
To regulate the weight and size
Of what you buy—in wet or dry,
Since co-operation 's spreading through the nation,
Down, down, down, down
Going with the public pleasantly.

That these societies then, said he,
 In weights and measures should agree
 With the metrical proportions which were known
 To exist in the Pyramid—these were shown.

Then should you join one, mention me,
 And if they should but offer to differ from the “coffer,
 Down, down, down, down
 Goes that same co-operative company.

Air—“Married to a Mermaid.”

Then I started up supposing
 I was wandering by the Nile,
 When I found I had been dozing
 And was dreaming all the while.
 For the pyramids of Egypt
 That night formed the debate
 At the Royal Society, where I’d slept
 And dreamt what I relate.

Chorus—So Rule Britannia, &c.

J. S.



THE LANDS O' THE LEAL.

A VISION.

I DREAMT I left ye a', Jean,
And ye black as a crow, Jean,
Lamented me awa'
Tae the lands o' the leal.

At first the place was strange, Jean,
I didna like the change, Jean,
'T was unco dreich tae range
In the lands o' the leal.

But tho' I whiles wad pine, Jean,
For days o' auld lang syne, Jean,
I sune was daein' fine
In the lands o' the leal.

I just was comin' roun', Jean,
And kind o' settlin' doon, Jean,
Whan up their cam' a loon
Tae the lands o' the leal.

Nae sooner had he cam', Jean,
Than ilk ane shook his han', Jean,
Thinks I, he's favour fand
In the lands o' the leal.

He wore a suit o' black, Jean,
Wi' lang hair doon his back, Jean,
An' sune began ta crack
 In the lands o' the leal.

But at his hungered look, Jean,
Wi' here an' there a plook, Jean,
I actually leuch
 In the lands o' the leal.

It cam' into my head, Jean,
The cratur was na dead, Jean,
He didna look the breed
 O' the lands o' the leal.

Says he, "Thir ca's o' mine," Jean,
"Are in the spirit line," Jean,
"Whan folk their freens wad join
 Frae the lands o' the leal."

"That some he had in bond," Jean,
"Wad date the flood beyond," Jean,
Thinks I, I'll no despond
 In the lands o' the leal.

I made sae bauld as ask, Jean,
Gif he could fill my flask, Jean,
An' whaur they kept the cask
 In the lands o' the leal.

At that he lookit glum, Jean,
Says he, "Sir, I have come," Jean,
"For I'm a *Medium*
Tae the lands o' the leal."

That if I wad gae back, Jean,
An' gie the boards a whack, Jean,
Wi' you I'd get a crack
Ower the lands o' the leal.

My heart then felt sae glad, Jean,
I wad at ance ha'e fled, Jean,
But folks are lichtly clad
In the lands o' the leal.

I ower my shouthers flings, Jean,
My robes an' bits o' things, Jean,
No mindin' o' my wings
In the lands o' the leal.

I couldna get them richt, Jean,
My claes a' felt sae ticht, Jean,
When ye'll no guess my fricht
In the lands o' the leal.

I heard ye ance or twice, Jean,
Say that I wasna wise, Jean,
At ance I kent yer voice
In the lands o' the leal.

An' then I felt ye pack, Jean,
The blankets roun' my back, Jean,
'T was a' a dream in fact
 About the lands o' the leal.

J. S.



DUNCAN'S FAREWELL.

Written on Dr Matthews Duncan leaving Edinburgh for London.

O H! ye whase bairns are coming fast,
An' ye wha's time o' breedin's past,
Ye wha hae got a wean at last,
Lament and grane;
A freen' in need has frae ye passed
For Duncan's gane.

Ye leddies wha frae far an' near,
Tell't him o' a' yer symptoms queer,
He spak ye plainly and sincere,
As ye'll alloo;
Nae mair his freenly haun will here
Be laid on you.

Fu' aften o' a nicht he's gane
An' left the mistress a' her lane,
Tae calm the nerves or soothe the pain
O' some puir woman,
Or help into the warld some wean
He kent was comin'.

His head was crammed wi' curious facts,
Doonricht an' fearless were his acts,
At quackeries he whiles wad rax
 Wi' sic a clour,
That clyte they'd fa' upon their backs
 Amang the stoor !

Hoo many bairns ye nicht expect,
What times they'd come, an' a' correct,
He'd tell. Gie him the age and wecht
 O' the gudeman,
The progeny in line direct
 Straught aff he'd scan.

He kept the lead o' doctor chiels,—
His fees, his instruments, an' pills,
The colour o' his chariot wheels,
 His hats, they copied,
A gran' stieve will his life reveals
 That naething stoppit.

Noo that the winter's comin' fast,
Frae callants green wha haena passed,
Till them whase lot's been fairly cast
 To kill and slay,
Ilk student mourns he's seen the last
 O' Duncan's day.

An' noo a verse maun be addressed,
Inspirin', aboon a' the rest,
A gentle thocht in ilka breast,
Tae his sweet wife ;—
Without her what wad at the best
Ha'e been his life ?

Then Fare-ye-weel, wi' a' oor heart ;
We feel it lessens sorrow's smart
Tae think ye'll shine whatever airt
Ye seek to dwell ;
Sae, tho' it's unco sair tae pairt,
Ance mair, Farewell.

J. S.



THE IRISH MEDICAL'S COMPLAINT.

Air—"Colleen dhas crutheen na moe."

"The pretty Girl milking the Cow."

'T WAS when Shaun was the doct'rin' trade larnin'
He lodged mighty near to the sky,
An' the rain bate his windy one morning,
Till the sound of it made him feel dhry.
So a sup just to tighten his elbow
He tuk, thin to musin' began,
For he thought of consthructin' a letter,—
An' ye 'll hear how its sentiments ran.

Oh! it's far from ye now that I'm, darlin',
Here sated wid larnin' all round;
Wid books, an' wid bones, an' wid bottles,
An' fossils, an' roots from the ground.
Ah! could you but see how I'm workin',
An' to qualify know how I strive,
Ye'd be blessin' the rowls o' tobaky
And the noggins that's kept me alive.

Sure remembrin' ye 's drivin' me crazy,
But forgettin' ye 'd do just the same ;
An' it makes me a thrifle unaisy—
It 's yer own purty face that 's to blame.
Tho', savin' myself, no one 's near me,
It 's small taste of work I can do,
For my thoughts—the big vagabones—wander
Away to Ould Ireland an' you.

Ye 'd niver believe if I tould ye
Them dhirty Examiners' schames,
To desthroy me entirely, the blackguards !
And dispel all my beautiful dreams.
But we 'll bate them, yet plaze God, avourncen,
In my heart there 's a something that says,
An' discoorsin' together we 'll soon be
Consarnin' them same bitter days.

It 's hard to be parted, accushla ;
But barrin' some small sinse of pain,
Anyhow it 's by manes of that partin'
We 've the pleasure of meetin' again.
Sure yer spirit I now see forninst me,
Thim thoughts bring ye back to my cye,
An' I 'm like some astrologer watchin'
A beautiful star in the sky.

Thin ye soon might have heard folks colloquin'
Av a colleen an av a gorsoon,
In regard of a weddin' soon afther
The letter he wrote that forenoon.
An' his thrue heart is still to her steady,—
For tho', faix! she's now gettin' ould,
It's himself says that, till she's his widdy,
To see that he'll need to be tould!

J. S.



THE FINE OLD SCHOOL PRACTITIONER.

Air—"The fine old Scottish Cavalier."

WHILE songs are made and sung about so many things,
I'll try
To sing about a personage who lived in days gone by,
Whose memory even yet is held in estimation high ;
For though no more among us, yet the fame will never die
Of the fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

He walked a true professional, and thought it *infra dig*.
To make his daily visits undistinguished by his rig,—
Cocked was his hat, his skirts were wide, his waistcoat rather big,
While buckles, cane, and ruffles culminated in the wig
Of this fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

And when his fine old coachman with pomposity would draw
His chariot up where streets were littered o'er with bark or straw,
His look was so astute, and dignified, and full of awe,
You'd think all protoplasmic and germ theories he foresaw,
Like a fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

He knew not Spray producers, Aspirators, Ecraseurs,
Nor Hæmadynamometers, nor taking Temperatures,
And though some fine old nostrums in his day worked wondrous
cures,
No Model nurses nor Carbolic acid, as in yours,
Had this fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

No Microscopes, nor Stethoscopes, nor Chloroform had he,
Nor Sulphur cures, nor Water cures, nor Homœopathy ;
But he trusted in his elixirs, and deemed phlebotomy
As quite sufficient to bring health to patients, and his fee
To the fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

And though a strong Conservative in politics, 'tis true,
In surgical procedure he held quite another view ;
Wherever he could amputate he did so, for he knew
The man with *one* leg ran but half the risks of him with *two*,
Did this fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

At length he found his fine old modes of treatment lose their
sway,
And fine old-fashioned maladies grow rarer every day,
While even those remaining "changed their type," so in dismay
He drew his labours to a close ; and thus there passed away
The fine old school practitioner, all of the olden time.

J. S.

THE CLINICAL EXAMINATION.

Air—"The Queen o' the Loudons," or
"Last May a braw Wooer."

I WAS jist aboot smoored wi' a kittlin' cough,
Whilk at times was a fair suffocation ;
An' the sounds o' my voice were sae wheezin an' rough
I was thocht for till be in an ill situation,
Till be in an ill situation.

I speired at my doctor gif ever I'd mend,
Whan he said 't was his recommendation,
At the Royal Infirmary I suld attend
There tae mak o' my state a strong representation,
Tae mak a strong representation.

They tell't me the place was braw buskit and new,
That for comforts it jist was perfection,
An' that I'd be attended by some bonny doo,
Wha'd be there tae dae everything at my direction,
Dae onything at my direction.

Sae I cam to the yett in a cart aman' straw,
An' was gaun to commence my narration,
But afore I could speak I was whiskit awa',
As ye 'll see for the purposes of illustration,
The purposes of illustration.

The professor neist day cam' an' gied me a look,
An' at ance wi' profound admiration,
He clerkit me doon in a lang narrow book
As deservin' a clinical examination,
A clinical examination.

I was proud at what seemed sic attention an' care,
Till I fand to my great consternation,
That it meant I was fixed in a week, less or mair,
For experiments an' as a mode o' probation,
To serve as a kind o' probation.

A curran o' callants wi' paper an' pens
Cam' in for their edification,
An' the doctor sets ilk ane tae see if he kens
Whilken pairt o' my system's in maist perturbation,
Whilken pairt is in maist perturbation.

They surrounded my bed, an' they pu'ed aff the claes,
Then glowered at my haill conformation ;
An' inspeckit me a' frae the head to the taes,
In the first place tae see I had nae malformation,
Tae see I had nae malformation.

They measured my stammick and knappit my skin,
An' speired gin I'd ony purgation ;
Was I nervish, or deaf, or rheumatic, or blind,
Or whether my habits required reformation,
My habits required reformation.

Ane said I was pushon't wi' owercome o' bile,
Some blethered o' degeneration ;
Says a glib-gabbit loon whan I happened tae smile,
" He's deleerit, it's plain, an' needs incarceration,
It's plain he needs incarceration."

My liver, my kidneys, my lungs, an' my heart,
They disparaged without reservation ;
'Deed they spak wi' contempt aboot every part
That exists in my bodily organisation,
My bodily organisation.

Not bein' a female, it puzzled them sair
Tae divine the correct explanation
O' some o' my symptoms they 'greed to be rare
When they wer'na connectit wi' utero-gestation,
Exceptin' in utero-gestation.

They houpit my freens wad allow gin I de'ed,
A bit *post-mortem* examination,
For my thrapple in speerits they a' were agreed
Micht be useful tae show as a class preparation,
Tae show as a class preparation.

Ilk threipit my case tae his mind was quite clear,—

Whilk tae me was but sma' consolation ;

For they differed sae muckle it made it appear

I was ailin' o' everything in combination,

O' everything in combination.

Then I rose frae my bed, an' I said I was cured,

For I felt that a continuation

O' the scandalous treatment that I had endured

Wad hae brocht a man's days till a quick termination,

My days till a swift termination.

The doctors, the medicine, the nursing, the meat,

I maun aye haud in high estimation ;

But I'd raither forgae them an' dee on my feet

Than submit till a clinical examination,

A clinical examination.

J. S.



THE WEARIN' AV THE GREEN.

NEW VERSION.

O H ! Paddy dear, an' did ye hear the news that 's going round,
That every boy 's about to get a bit of Irish ground ?
No more upon the rint day will the landlord now be seen,
Nor anybody axed regardin' wearin' av the green.
I met wid Misther Parnell an' I tuk him by the hand,
Says I, How is Ould Ireland, and what about the land ?
It 's the most continted counthry now that ever yet was seen,
Wid landlords fled an' everybody wearin' av the green.
It 's the most continted counthry now that ever yet was seen,
Wid landlords fled an' everybody wearin' av the green.

Then if the colour you 'd prefer be conthrary to red,
Sure, stick yer choice in yer *caubeen* an' put it on yer head :
An' asy may ye be now when yer fut 's upon the sod,
Considherin', more by token, that the turf 's yer own ye 've trod.
Och ! what previnted crops and praties growin' as they grow ?
When sarra a pig the dacent tinants ever had to show—
What was it but the rint thim thunderin' vagabones had been
Collectin', and obsthructin' us from wearin' av the green ?
What was it but the rint thim thunderin' vagabones had been
Collectin', and obsthructin' us from wearin' av the green ?

They spake about a counthry that's far far beyant the sea,
Convenient to a mighty land they call Amerikay;
Where meat an' dhrink's *galore*, an' where no landlord's ever
seen,

An' not a hap'worth else is done but wearin' av the green.
But wid Home Rule, a Parliament, no Taxes, an' no Rint,
To live in the ould counthry we might try to be contint,
An' we'd lave off shootin' landlords, and we'd sing God
Save the Queen,

An' maybe we'd not mind much about wearin' av the green.
An' we'd lave off shootin' landlords, and we'd sing God
Save the Queen,

An' maybe we'd not mind much about wearin' av' the green.

J. S.



THEY'RE OWRE THE BORDER AN' AWA'.

Air—"Jock o' Hazeldean."

WHAT'S wilin' ye awa', laddie?
Will naething gar ye bide?
What tempts ye a' tae cross the Tweed
An' no keep on this side?
Whane'er a loon has pairts ava',
For Lun'on he's sae keen,
He's owre the Border an' awa',
An' mair he's never seen.

Yon Hielant laird wha's aught the glen,
Wi' loch an' mountain gran',
He'll thole nae langer Embro' toon,
Far less dwell on his lan'.
Life yont the "Great Metropolis"
He thinks no worth a preen,
He's owre the Border an' awa',
An' never mair is seen.

Oor Coort o' Session sometimes trains
A clever chield or twa;
Let them jalouse they've ony brains,
Fareweel tae Scottish law!

At ance they think the Hoose o' Lords
Is whaur they suld hae been ;
They're owre the Border an' awa',
An' never mair are seen.

Wha disna mind o' doctors lo'ed
By leddies great an' sma' ?
Wha could hae thocht they'd had the heart
Frae them tae rin awa' ?
But deil may care ! It's a' the same,
Bewitched by siller's sheen,
They're owre the Border an' awa',
An' mair they're never seen.

E'en ministers are kenned tae leave
Their manse an' flocks an' a',
An' blaw yer lug till ye believe
That they ha'e got a "ca'."
In Lun'on toon, sae braw an' crouse,
Tae craw's the ca' they mean,
They're owre the Border an' awa',
An' never mair are seen.

Yon artist lad whase gifted han',
Brings oot ilk magic scene,
Whase wark, afore it as ye stan',
Casts glamour in yer een ;

Just let him ken ye've heard his fame
 At ilka gate ye've been,
 He's owre the Border an' awa',
 An' never mair is seen.

Ilk bonny lass that blossoms here,
 Nae suner does she see
 Her form sac trig, her face sae fair,
 But Lun'on's in her e'e ;
 An' though a queen among them a'
 At hame she nicht hae been ;
 She's owre the Border and awa',
 An' never mair is seen.

Their gifts an' powers they perfect here,
 An' wow ! but they're no sma' ;
 But southward, let their coorse be clear,
 They up an' rin awa'.
 Wae's me ! that we suld lose them a',
 They've sair misguided been ;
 They're owre the Border an' awa',
 An syne nae mair are seen.

J. S.



PER SECALE.

Air—"Comin' thro' the Rye."

PER secale obvenisset corpus corpori,
Cur, si osculatus esset, lachrymæ illi ?
Quæquæ pupa puerum habet
Nondum habui,
Tametsi toti me amant
Sed damuum non feci.

Si ex urbe corpus itu, aliquem obstans,
Aut si corpus sulutatur, cur obducta frons ?
Quæquæ pupa puerum habet, &c.

Rusticum in comitate, admodum amo,
Nominem, vel ejus domum, dare non volo,
Quæquæ pupa puerum habet, &c.

J. S.

HE ALWAYS WAS THE SAME.

Air—“My Love is like a Red Red Rose.”

THERE was a youth who woo'd a maid
And swore to her he'd cling,
For he was neither false nor fast,
But just the proper thing.
It was no matter what he did,
He was, you sec, so game,
That, when he once made up his mind,
He always was the same.

One day he started from his home,
Determined for to see
The manners and the natives of
A place called Bungolee.
Well! 't was no matter what he did,
He was so downright game, &c.

At Bungolee, the king took on
And died :—so this young man
Says to himself quite privately,
I'll be king if I can.
Now, 't was no matter what he said,
He was, you know, so game, &c.

And now when he got crownéd king,—
Of course a girl or two
He found that in this state of things
He must be civil to.
For, 't was no matter what he did,
He was so powerful game, &c.

You'll guess the way they coaxed and fawned
Was shocking and a shame ;
Well ! if he did go pretty far
He was n't all to blame.
You see, no matter what he did,
He was so charming game, &c.

But while he cut it rather tall,
With pleasures soft and new,
Her figure, he'd not seen so long,
He frequent kept in view.
For, 't was no matter what he did,
He was so truly game, &c.

The end was when on his true love
He wildly gazed once more ;
She felt no cause to take offence,
But loved him as of yore.
For, 't was no matter what he did,
He was so sweetly game, &c.

J. S.

PHIL McKEOWN'S PIG.

Air—"The Bold Dragoon."

'T WAS Phil McKeown lived at Innistrogue for many a year,
An' had a pig whose history maybe ye 'd like to hear,
Regardin' how it lived an' died, an' what was heard of it there-
after,

Sure! she was the handy pig he was proud to sthramp the
country after.

Whack! Hurrish, stadh anish! She'd hear from Phil McKeown.

A vagabone by name o' Terence saw the pig wan day,
An', unbeknown to Phil, the blackguard stole the beast away;
An' niver a one suspectit him till wanst he tould about the
matther,

For 't was just a common pig, 't was, an' Terence looked a dacent
crathur;

That was the circumstance that bothered Phil McKeown.

But, barrin' bein' a thief, this Terence was a dacent bhoy,
So takin' that same pig began his conscience to annoy;
An' so the priest he thought he'd ax the asiest way to absolu-
tion,

For the thought o' what he'd done was disordherin' his constitu-
tion:

Sorra wonder at it, after robbin' Phil McKeown.

Thin, says his reverence in a word, the first thing to be done
Is to restore the pig to Phil, and when ye have begun
To show ripintance in that way, I'll see if ye can be forgiven ;
For it's not a stolen pig that the likes of yez ought to be havin'—
Worse still an animal that's tuk from Phil McKeown.

Oh ! murdher thin, says Terence, ye're too hard upon me now,
For to restore that pig to Phil would bate me anyhow ;
More by token that the crathur's killed, an' salted too, an' cooked
an' atin,
Sure I scraped the pig myself, an' I've ever since been on it
feedin',
Worse luck, for knowin' it was fed by Phil McKeown.

Says the father, If the pig ye've killed an' ate, av coorse it's
plain
Wan other way of restitution only does remain—
An' that is, pay the price of it, an' send the same to Phil to-
morrow,—
For his heart was on the pig, an' *considherin'* that, might cure his
sorrow,—
Savin' ye're a murdherin' thief, thin, pay poor Phil McKeown.

Ye're spakin' of no asy task, says Terence to the priest,
For if I'd had the price of it, d'ye think I'd steal the beast ?
An' buyin', as yer riverence knows, is sinful wid an empty pocket ;
Besides, ye *disriminbir*, family pigs are niver in the market ;
Phoo ! divil a chance I had to *buy* from Phil McKeown.

Then, says the priest, when wanst yer dead, the pig an' Phil
McKeown

Will stand forninst yez, an' ye'll hear him claim it as his own ;
An' ye'll hear the poor dumb crathur spake, and charge ye wid
yer mane transaction,

For she had *galore* of sinse, an' was just the pig for such an
action.

What will ye say then, when ye meet bould Phil McKeown ?

Sure, father dear, says Terence, now ye've set my mind at ase ;
For if the pig be *there*, as ye've just said will be the case,
I'll plaze ye all ; for to McKeown, wid a blessin', back I'll give
her,

Sayin', There's yer thunderin' pig ! Now she's aff my hands an's
yours for ever !

That's how I'll pacify the pig an' Phil McKeown.

J. S.



THE LEG.

A NAUTICAL YARN.

Air—"Pull boys, cheerily."

(Altered from the original in its medical aspects.)

MY comrades, you must know
That what I'm about to show
Proves how science is advancing in its glory, oh!
And how victory came to be
Due to modern surgery,
As you'll hear related in this simple story, oh!

My starboard leg one day
A torpedo blew away
At the femur's enarthrosis in its socket, oh!
And swept it overboard,
With a precious little hoard
Of a pipe and tin of baccy in the pocket, oh!

Then they carried me below,
Where I knew I'd undergo
The very latest style of operation, oh!
When the doctor, coming round
With another leg he'd found,
Says, I'll stick this on his stump by transplantation, oh!

So he straightway gave a shout,—
Get the spray producer out,
Likewise some powerful sutures and a needle, oh !
And fetch the chloroform,
And some rum and water warm,
For I find his circulation's getting feeble, oh !

Then my stump he deftly pared,
And the other leg prepared
Antiseptically, as I needn't mention, oh !
And he stuck it on so neat
That I started to my feet,—
For 't was union by the very first intention, oh !

Now this new transplanted limb
Had belonged to fighting Jim,
So of course there was transfusion through the socket, oh !
Of his courage, for I flew
Up the hatch among the crew,
And jumped aboard the pirate like a rocket, oh !

I knew we 'd win the day
If I gave the leg its way,
Tho' it was a little stiff from rigor mortis, oh !
But its temperature soon rose,
And the whole events disclose
How invaluable a leg of the right sort is, oh !

Now the metal that was in
That torpedo and the tin
Of my baccy box had met by attraction, oh ;
So my poor lost leg that night
Was seen flashing sparks of light
Through the water, due to their electric action, oh !

J. S.



HOW TA NEW INFIRMARY AROSE.

A GOOT STORY.

NOTE.

BEFORE the present site of the Royal Infirmary was fixed upon, the drainage of the Meadows had occupied the attention of the authorities along with Mr Charles Macpherson, then burgh engineer. Many difficulties had to be overcome, and a good deal of dissatisfaction and difference of opinion with regard to the various plans submitted was encountered. The subsequent proposal to build the new Infirmary in this neighbourhood excited much controversy, not only on the part of the general public but among the medical and surgical staff, more particularly the latter, of the old Hospital, and many letters, among them those signed "A Travelled Scot," upon this matter appeared in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers. It was at that time that the following lines were written.

PHERSHON swore that he was to drain ta Meadows ;
This it's plain to see, was but to deceive us ;
For with all his plans, dips, an' elevations,
Not in all ta land was any alterations.

It was beautiful on a summer's mornin'
For to see ta sun all ta strath adornin' ;
But to walk at nicht was another matter,
If you saw ta fogs from ta surface water.

In this very way was ta sly Macpherson
With ta mud an' clay vexing every person ;
When there was perceived, goot accommodation
For to cure disease in this situation.

So 't was Hamish Syme spoke it in a letter—
If you want a site there is not a better ;
For ta air an' licht are they not a treasure,
An' ta price of all is just at your pleasure.

Here ta patients wull, long pefore they leave us,
Be as strong as kye on ta great Ben Nevis ;
For it's here they cure children's diseases
Only by ta pure air an' southlan breezes.

So not long ago spoke ta famous surgeon ;
What he said was true as ta words of Spurgeon ;
But against him rose many to do battles,
An' from George's Square cam' ta duiniwhassles.

Goot day to you, sir, what is it you've spoken ?
Had we not your word, Hamish, which you've broken ?
So you spurn ta place for your occupations,
Where your great forbears did all their operations.

Tat ta present house you looked on with favour,
All ta people thocht from your past pehaviour.
What is it you say—tat contaminations,
From all wards but yours, causes devastations ?

Says he, That is true ; then to Spence he mentions,
You was in that state but for my inventions ;
Both you an' ta house needed great improvements,
Which explains ta course of my present movements.

So there rose ta feud ; Spence had valiant ghillies ;
Spoke he then to them, you know what my will is ;
They had all resolved for pacification,
Hamish to destroy on that great occasion.

Then ta warlike Spence drew his Holt's dilator,
And in fury rose for to slay ta cratur ;
Which he would have done, I verily believe it,
If " A Travelled Scot " had not now perceived it.

But ta son of Wat, Hamish did belabour,
An' Gillespie then stabbed him with his claymore ;
This they thocht the end of that famous person,
Which ta rogues enjoyed as a goot diversion.

They was all deceived ; Hamish did recover ;
So they saw ta house must be built whatever.
Now you'll understand, with congratulation,
All aboot ta matter—without fabrication.

J. S.



CALLER OU'.

Air—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CALLER Ou' really now
Are at sic a price, I trow,
They may just as weel no grow,
Gin they be dearer !

Them we used to get lang syne
Were as cheap as they were fine,
An' the pick't anes were devine,
But thir were dearer !

Then a hunder ony day
For a shillin' ye nicht hae,
Noo for ane ye 'll tippence pay,
Can they be dearer ?

Eatin' them frae aff a creel,
Vinegared and peppert weel,
Made ye aye the hungrier feel,
Wae's me, they 're dearer !

Wakin' echoes far an' near,
Fisher jades ye nae mair hear,
Skirlin' in the moonlicht clear,
Noo that they 're dearer !

Ilka morn their empty shells
Marked some houfs ye'll mind yersells!
On them fond remembrance dwells,
Wae that they're dearer!

But while water fills the sea,
Sparklin' in the sunlicht hie,
My heart's wish sall ever be,
They'll no get dearer!

J. S.



SARAH SIBBALD'S EPITAPH.¹

O H ye wha lo'e the days gane by,
Ye wha can mind o' speldrins dry,
Ye wha for sonsie hizzies sigh,
Noo hang yer head ;
Ye're heartless, gin yer een be dry,
For Sarah's dead !

Her buirdly figure wha'd forget !
The very chair on which she sat—
The barrow—the umbrella—yet
I see as plain
As if her visage, lookin' het,
Were there again.

Hoo mony men o' mark an' talents
Ha'e halved her fish wi' ither callants,
Or watched the joukin o' her balance
Bricht an' clear ;
That they and she are gane, noo warrants
A passin' tear.

¹ A well-known and respected Edinburgh character, who for years kept a stall and barrow in front of the old Theatre Royal, Shakespeare Square, where the General Post Office now stands.

She lookit like a mountain side
Whilk wad for ages a' abide,
An tho' some ills that folk betide
 Whiles brocht her doon,
She had twa doctors wha took pride
 Tae bring her roun'.

Her sex they kent was brittle ware,
Sae tended her wi' constant care.
Whiles Pattison wad wark a cure
 O' ailments rackin',
An' Sommerville, owre what was sair
 Wad oft be crackin'.

An' noo, nae wonder we suld grane,
Tae think that she's for ever gane,
Oor ancient toon itsel' would fain,
 Noo that she's dead,
Lament her loss in mournfu' strain
 An' sable weed.

March 5, 1874.

J. S.



THE ACCOUCHEUR.

Air—"The Poacher."

'TIS my delight to be called at night,
At any time of year,
And find affairs to signify
That parturition's near.
And find affairs to tell my boys,
That parturition's near.
Oh! 'tis my delight to be called at night,
For I'm an accoucheur.

What pleasure 'tis when we're in doubt
The foetal heart to hear,
And make the presentation out
As natural or queer,
To recognise what's there, my boys,
As shoulder, foot, or rear.
Oh! 'tis my delight, &c.

And if a young primipara
The case should chance to be,
What equals the delight to wait,
A day, or two, or three?
A day, or two, or three, my boys,
With patients young and fair.
Oh! 'tis my, &c.

And if when baby's born he should
A little blue appear,
With slaps and water cold we start
Him on his new career;
We rouse his respiration, boys,
With skelps upon his rear.
Oh! 'tis my, &c.

If we'd explain why twins occur
Or triplets do appear,
Or if 'twill be a boy or girl
We'd like to be aweer,
We've tables drawn with care, my boys,
Which make these matters clear.
Oh! 'tis my, &c.

Be duchess, or be parson's wife,
Or tinkler lass our care,
It's all the same what we've to do—
There's no distinction there.
It levels all distinction, boys,
Midwif'ry everywhere,
Oh! 'tis my, &c.

The lady doctors say that we
Are most officious men,
That only female parties should
On womankind attend.
No matter what they say, my boys,
Obstetrics are my sphere,
And 'tis my, &c.

J. S.

THE ROAD AND THE GUN.

A RHAPSODY.

THE following lines were found under an empty flask on a dry stone dyke, over which, from the number of empty cartridges lying about, the unknown author was strongly suspected of potting incautious rabbits.

THE sun's gaen doon ayont the purple hills,
An' ventrin' rabbits scour the darkenin' brae ;
The noiseless bats flit thro' the air sae still,
An' midges swarm as fa's the gloamin' grey.
Back frae a lang day's shootin', at its close
I see the reek that tells hame's near at han',
An' tae my pensive thocht the day's wark shows
A phantom picture o' the life o' man.

Whan mornin' chased the mists frae aff the muir,
The time afore us looked as 't ne'er wad end ;
Noo that it's passed, it disna seem an hour
Since men an' dowgs tae wark did first extend.
Wae's me ! hoo like the bygane days and years
Since first we entered on this warld o' care ;
Short seem the joys and griefs and hopes and fears
That we ha'e ane an' a' encountered there.

What stieve braes breistit whan the day began,
What deeds were to be dune ere nicht suld close ;
Nae chance o' failure could we understand ;
Nae difficulties then afore us rose !
But, gatherin' as we onward wend oor way,
Wee clouds o' disappointment wad assail ;
For haud on straucht an' steady as ye may,
Ilk shooter kens it's whiles of nae avail.

The swelterin' sun's been at meridian hicht,
Propitious fortune's seemed on us tae smile !
Bags ha'e been fillin' heavy, left an' richt,
An' naething's gaen against us for a while.
But, wi' the prosperous day on the decline,
The very sun we basked in blears oor ee ;
Oor pleasure, noo replete, begins tae dwine ;
We've had oor day—oor wark's dune—so are we.

The craturs bagged had hailed the dewy dawn,
Fresh frae their holy sleep, and free o' care ;
They little thocht that ere the nicht had fa'en,
Nae comin' morn wad ever wake them mair.
But, let oor game bags, like some auld kirkyard,
Be fu' o' lessons no to be despised ;
The moral o' the thing's o' sma' regard,
It's pleasure, hoosome'er it's got, that's prized.

Sae, staucherin' dune the hill, ambition gane,
Oor thochts are centred noo on gettin' hame ;
What we'd ha'e dune were we to start again
We're aiblins quietly thinkin' a' the same.
Nae maitter noo ! the mirk is settin' in,
A nicht o' peacefu' rest we'll hope to ha'e,
An' fondly cherish, as we close oor een,
The brichtenin' prospects o' anither day.

J. S.



THE SAUMON *v.* THE TROUT.

Air—"Fie, let's awa' to the Bridal."

THERE'S some folk like fishin' for saumon,
An' gran' sport it's for them, nae doot,
But though it's excitin' an' a', man,
Commen' me to fishin' for troot.
There's bottom an' what's ca'ed float fishin',
Sea fishin', wi' bits o' red cloot,
An' fishin' beside stagnant water,
But what's that tae fishin' for troot!
Then, though some like fishin' for saumon,
An' gran' sport it's for them, nae doot;
Yet, wi' its excitement an' a' man,
Commen' me to fishin' for troot!

They stan' a' the day in the water,
Expectin' tae see a fish loup,
An' fecht wi' deep holes an' wi' currents,
An' aiblins ower muckle stanes coup.
Lang casts agin' sun, win', an' weather,
Gar scaudin' tears rin doon their cheeks;
Wi' wadin' an' sweatin' they're drookit,
Baith outside an' inside their breeks.

Chorus.

They tell ye the water's in order,
 A spate's brocht them a' they could wish,
 Wi' Doctor, or Blucher, or Fraser,
 Ye're certain tae capture a fish.
 But Rampy, the Peel, or the Gulleets
 Ye'll fish an' nae saumon get oot,
 Whereas ye're aye sure o' a nibble
 Whane'er ye gang fishin' for troot.

Chorus.

That saumon's the king o' the water
 There's naebody wants tae dispute ;
 But though they be reckoned a sma' fish,
 There's nane tries yer skill like a troot.
 Oh ! leeze me an hour in the water,
 A ten-foot bit rod in my han',
 Tae find ilka cast something tuggin',
 I think that there's naething sae gran' !

Chorus.

The fishin' for saumon's a maitter
 Conneckit wi' grandeur an' storm ;
 Wi' forest, an' mountain, an' torrent,
 An' a'thing that's awsome in form ;
 But natur', in time o' troot fishin',
 In saftness and beauty's decked oot ;
 Green fields, leafy woods, and bricht blossoms,
 Surround ye whan fishin' for troot.

Chorus.

Some sports bring folk hame to their denner

Wi' stamacks a sardine may suit,

Red herrin', or maybe a finnan ;

But fishers aye relish a troot.

Then wi' a bit pockfu' o' worms,

Or book fu' o' flees, we'll gang oot,

An' blithely we'll into the water,

An' bring hame a basket o' troot !

Chorus.

J. S.



CAIRNGORM.

Air—"The Haughs of Cromdale."

BEING the substance of a talk held for *variation* with a very superior Bein Na Bynach person regarding the merits of this gem,—

"Above the base of Cairngorm,
Where lies the dust of Avon's sage,
Who raised the spirit of the storm."

OCH! Cairngorm is a stone,
None in ta North is better known.
It shines as if not one alone,
But every gem in quorum,
As well at nicht as in daylight.
You easy micht your very sicht
Just dazzle wi' ta glories bricht
O' rale Cairngorm.

An' though its beauties are not few,
It also has great virtues too ;
For goot effects are often due
To wearin' 't as a charm.
So those who knows its value goes
Just to disclose it where it grows,
Upon ta hill to which it owes
Its name of Cairngorm.

I knew a lad who had a plaid.
When he cam' home at nichts, it 's said,
Upon his back it wadna staid,
Nor keep its proper form.
Its ways was such, he had to hitch
It up so much, he told a witch,
Who gave to him a charm, which
Was just a Cairngorm.

Whatever, wi' a brooch o' steel,—
An' for ta two he paid her weel,—
She fixed ta plaid, that so ta deil
Had no more power o'er him.
Then Hugh M'Gill, when he was ill,
He made a will about his mull,
Because intil ta lid, wi' skill,
Was let a Cairngorm.

An' many more such stories, too,
I *know*, that I could tell to you,
So strange you 'd hardly think them true,
Regardin' Cairngorm.
Hoot, toot! I've said enough aboot
Ta maitter not to leave a doot,
Your wardrobe's incomplete without
A rale Cairngorm.

J. S.

THE OLD SHOOTER'S LAMENT.

I 'M sixty years of age, and feel I 'm getting very old,
To shoot now seems much harder work, tho' quite the same,
I 'm told,

As when my gun felt lighter, and the walking not so hard,
When stone dykes seemed such trifles one could jump them like
a bird ;

But now I 'm sixty years of age, and frequently am told
That all these new sensations come of getting very old.

In vain the thoughts of well-filled bag my sporting bent assail,
The breezy morn has lost its charms ; at wind and wet I quail ;
So while the sun in green and purple clads the distant moor,
Alas, it 's far to travel, though its prospects thus allure ;
And when " The ground is stiff to tramp and birds are wild," I 'm
told

It means I 'm sixty years of age and getting very old.

They say that fishers moralise, and sanctify their acts
With high poetic thoughts and bits of wise and pious texts ;
Well ! shooters too can sometimes see in birds, and hares, and
rabbits,

Examples that remind them much of human pride and habits ;
But now I 'm sixty years of age, and haply may be told
That maudlin sentiments like these come when one 's getting old.

No matter whether old or young, or where or when they come,
A shooter sees the unsuspecting rashness of the young ;
The partridge, blackcock, rabbit, grouse, when old, know this
world's way,—

The young, with self-sufficient pride, become an easy prey ;
But preaching to young people thus just ends in being told
I'm sixty years of age, and all this comes of getting old.

Ah me ! how all life's "sports" would change if men and beasts
were wise,

And steered their course by older folks' experience and advice,
The buck and doe keep out of sight while youngsters court a
shot,

The fledgling with bravado flight invites its stupid lot ;
But fishers, shooters, any one who speaks so would be told,
If he be sixty years of age, it comes of getting old.

But though more apt to moralise, though sentimental grown,
It is n't that alone that tells one age is creeping on ;
The turnip shaws seem larger now, the hills seem far more steep,
The walking seems so much more fast, the drills so wide and
deep ;

And when at closing day my weakly efforts are extolled—
All this marks sixty years of age, and getting very old.

J. S.

September 11, 1885.



THE CROCODILE.

ADAPTED,

ON the occasion of Professor Blackie's visit to Egypt in 1879, from E. Geibel's well-known German song "Ein lust'ger Musikante spazierte einst am Nil."



FAMOUS Scotch professor took
a stroll along the Nile,
O tempora! O mores!
When from the muddy water crept
a beastly crocodile,
O tempora! O mores!
It gaped for to devour him,
plaid, philabeg, an' a'.
O tempo-tempora!
Juch-heirassasasa!
We praise thee now and evermore,
Dame Musica!

He shrieked 'ὦ μοι φῦ φῦ ποποί!'¹ then forth a bagpipe drew,
 O tempora! O mores!
 And on that noble instrument sweet Gaelic tunes he blew,
 O tempora! O mores!
 Allegro, dolce, presto,—oh, how he did them blow!
 O tempo-tempora! Juch-heirassasasa!
 We praise thee now and evermore, Dame Musica!

And at the first melodious howl that from the bag did go,
 O tempora! O mores!
 The ugly brute began to trip the light fantastic toe,
 O tempora! O mores!
 Jig, reel, and waltz, and polka, and Highland fling an' a'!
 O tempora! Juch-heirassasasa!
 We praise thee now and evermore, Dame Musica!

It gnashed its teeth, and hopped and skipped the sandy plain
 aroun',
 O tempora! O mores!
 And with its waggling tail it knocked a lot o' pyramids doun,
 O tempora! O mores!
 For they have long been rickety, with mummies, bones an' a'!
 O tempo-tempora! Juch-heirassasasa!
 We praise thee now and evermore, Dame Musica!

¹ O moi, pheu pheu popoi ("Woe's me").

And when he saw the pyramids had squashed the crocodill,
 O tempora ! O mores !
He turned into the nearest pub., his inner man to fill,
 O tempora ! O mores !
He sipped and quaffed Nile-water and whiskey, beer an' a' !
 O tempo-tempora ! Juch-heirassasasa !
We praise thee now and evermore, Dame Musica !

All genuine Scotch professors like fish their liquor swill :
 O tempora ! O mores !
If this one has not ceased to drink, maybe he's drinking still ;
 O tempora ! O mores !
And all good men drink with him, Greek, Teuton, Celt an' a' !
 O tempo-tempora ! Juch-heirassasasa !
We praise thee now and evermore, Dame Musica !

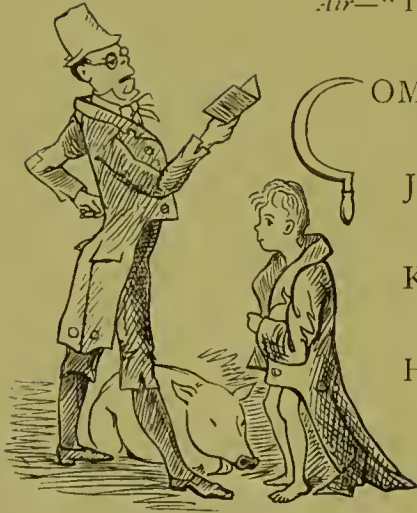
J. E.





THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Air—"The Young May Moon."



COME here, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who "King David" was.
Now tell me if you can, sir.
King David was a mighty man,
And he was King of Spain, sir,
His eldest daughter "Jessie" was
The "Flower of Dunblane," sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
"Sir Isaac Newton," who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Sir Isaac Newton was the boy
That climbed the apple tree, sir,
He then fell down and broke his crown,
And lost his gravity, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who old "Marmion" was.
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Old Marmion was a soldier bold,
But he went all to pot, sir,
He was hanged upon the gallows tree
For killing Sir Walter Scott, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who "Sir Rob Roy" was.
Now tell me, if you can, sir.
Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to
The king of the Cannibal Islands,
He spoiled a pair of breeches, and
Was banished to the Highlands.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Then "Bonaparte," who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Old Bonaparte was king of France
Before the Revolution,
But he was kilt at Waterloo,
Which ruined his constitution.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who " King Jonah " was.
Now tell me if you can, sir.
King Jonah was the strongest man
That ever wore a crown, sir,
For though the whale did swallow him,
It could n't keep him down, sir.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who that " Moses " was.
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Sure Moses was the Christian name
Of good king Pharaoh's daughter ;
She was a milkmaid, and she took
A profit from the water.

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me now where " Dublin " is.
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Och ! Dublin is a town in Cork,
And built upon the Equator,
It's close to Mount Vesuvius,
And watered by the " Cratur."

You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me now where " London " is.
Now tell me if you can, sir.
Och ! London is a town in Spain,
'T was lost in the earthquake, sir ;
The Cockneys murther the English there,
Whenever they do spake, sir.

You 're right my boy ; hould up your head,
You 're now a jintleman, sir ;
For in history and geography,
I 've taught you all I can, sir
And if any one should ask you now
Where you got all your knowledge,
Just tell them 't was from " Paddy Blake,
Of " Bally Blarney College."

J. A. S.

May be sung to the tune of " Kitty Mooney."



THE BURNIE THAT WINS TO THE SEA.

U P near the scaur whaur the hoodiecrawl bides,
Up near the foot o' the keelie-craig hie,
Deep i' the hidie heugh, riv'd frae its sides,
Rises the burnie that wins to the sea.

Out o' the fozy fog,
Out o' the lairy bog,
Cauld as it seips frae the wauchie well-c'e,
Rinnin' in water draps,
Toddlin' in spedlin' staps,
Gullers the burnie that wins to the sea.

Doun thro' the slaps o' the staney head-dykes,
A' thro' the muir wi' nae bield nor lown lee,
Restin' its weary feet whiles in the sykes,
Hirples the burnie that wins to the sea.
Roun' by the mossy knowe,
Doun thro' the flossy flowe,
Whaur lang-craiget herons and wheeplin' whaups flee,
Doun whaur the moorcock churrs,
Ower the bit linns wi' jurrs,
Brattles the burnie that wins to the sea.

Thro' ilka link as it winds doun the rocky glens,
Mony's the mile agait it gangs aglee;
Sair tho' its trauchelt wi' seggs in the easley bends,
Hirsels the burnie that wins to the sea.

Close by the cosie stells,
Doun thro' the hazelly dells,
Whaur grow the arne, the aik, an' birk tree ;
Syne 'neth the briars an' broom,
Whaur the witch thummles bloom,
Laich louts the burnie that wins to the sea.

A' doun the cleughs, an' doun thro' the breckenshaws,
Whaur haw-buss an' hainberries grow bonnilie ;
Whaur loup the trouties, while laich jouk the water-craws,
Wimples the burnie that wins to the sea.

Syne wi' a racer's speed,
Doun thro' the gurlin' lede,
Doun thro' the mill-clouse aye trying' to slee ;
Syne wi' the jeegin' wheel,
Roun' in a rummlin' reel,
Thrummles the burnie that wins to the sea.

Doun by cot-houses, thro' a' the big farm-toons,
Leavin' the ana-fields, fallow an' lea,
Changin' its liltin' to lang weary wailin' croons,
Wauchles the burnie that wins to the sea.

Aince it was young an' yauld,
Noo it is doul'd an' auld,
Trailin' sac traiket-like doun by the rec,
Till wi' lang fetchin' breath,
Thro' the saut-faem to death
Warstles the burnie that wins to the sea.

J. A. S.

A BAIRNIE'S SONG.

Air—"A Highland Lad my Love was born."

O H, I'll sing a songie-pongie to my bairnie to-day,
Before its daddie-paddie goesie-oesie away,
So it must be goodie-poodie, and at homie-omie stay,
A roudledum, a doudledum, a roudledum a day.

Chorus.

A roudledum, a doudledum, a roudledum a dee,
Did you ever such a bonnie wee bit bairnie see,
A roudledum, a doudledum, a roudledum a day,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie gallopie away.

Such a bonnie-onnie bairnie-pairnie noneie-oneie see,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie daddy-addy's knee ;
With merry-perry, laughie-paughie, happy-appy glee,
A roudledum, a doudledum, a roudledum a dee.

Chorus—A roudledum, &c.

Its little-ittle legie-pegies kickie-ickie high,
Its bonnie-onnie eenie-peenie's lookie-ookie sly ;
Its pittie-ittie mouthie's-pouthie's nevie-evie cry,
A roudledum, a doudledum, a doudledum a dee.

Chorus—A roudledum, &c.

Now thisie-isie stepie-pepie horseie-porseie go,
A trotie-otie fastie-pastie, a walkie-palkie slow,
A stopie-opie soonie-poonie hearie-earie "loo,"
A roudledum, a doodledum, a roudledum a do.

Chorus—A roudledum, &c.

Now a niceie-piceie hattie-attie getie-etie you,
A little-ittle coatie-poatie pittie-ittie blue,
And niceie-piceie shoesie-poesie goodie-oodie new,
A roudledum, a doudledum, a roudledum a du.

Chorus—A roudledum, &c.

Now kissie-issie daddie-paddie goodie-oodie bye,
And sleepie-peepe bedie-pedie shutie-utie eye,
And cuddie-wuddie cosie-osie pussie-ussie lie?
A roudledum, a doudledum, a roudledum a dy.

Chorus—A roudledum, &c.

J. A. S.



OH SING, BONNIE BIRDIE!

THE bonnie bit burn down the corrie is glintin',
An' croonin' its sang as it winds through the glen ;
But the mavis an' merle on the hawtree, while lintin',
They tell me o' something that nane else can ken.
Then sing, bonnie birdie,
For ilka kind wordie
To my heart, lade wi' care an' wi' sorrow, comes hame ;
Oh bird ! dinna fear me,
But, trusting come near me,
To speak o' my love, and laich whisper her name.

The soft simmer winds wi' the green leaves are dintin',
An' soughin' o' love to the birks in the glen ;
But the lintie and spink 'mang the whin-busses hintin',
They tell me o' something that nane else can ken.
Then sing, bonnie birdie,
For ilka kind wordie
To my heart, lade wi' care an' wi' sorrow, comes hame ;
Oh bird ! dinna fear me,
But, trustin', come near me,
To speak o' my love an' laich whisper her name.

J. A. S.



THE FLOWRIE.¹

Air—"When the Kye comes Hame."



COME a' ye rovin' botanists that wander
o'er the Ben,
An' I'll tell ye o' a secret ithers mortals
dinna ken,
What is the surest plan to secure im-
mortal fame?
'Tis to gather some new species and
label't wi' your name,
And label't wi' your name,
And label't wi' your name,
Get Hooker bribbit to describe it,
And label't wi' your name.

It's no in haunts o' pleasure within the gaudy toun
That this vegetable treasure is able to be pu'n,
But it's high on craggy steeps and a hunder miles frae hame,
Whaur grows the braw wee flowrie that hasna got a name.

¹ Written for the Scottish Alpine Botanical Club.

That hasna got a name,
 That hasna got a name,
 That ne'er was seen by learned een,
 And hasna got a name.

There it grows sae quiet and bonnie little dreamin' it's sae rare,
 And spreads its tiny petals out amang the Hielant air,
 I wad seek till I was blind, aye, and walk till I was lame,
 A' to find that braw wee flowrie and label 't wi' my name.

And label 't wi' my name,
 And label 't wi' my name,
 To see 't put down in Babbington,
 And label 't wi' my name.

See yonder ardent botanist wha wanders a' his lane,
 He gropes o'er ilka divet, and he keeks round ilka stane,
 And tho' his wallet's empty, as empty is his wame,
 He is lookin' for some species that hasna got a name.

That hasna got a name,
 That hasna got a name,
 Wi' habit true, an' a' sae new,
 Yet hasna got a name.

Now a' ye wights botanical that haena got a wife,
 Nor ony bonny bairn to bear the record of your life,
 You've still a chance in store, tho' it's no just quite the same,
 You may find some braw wee flower to perpetuate your name.

To perpetuate your name,
 To perpetuate your name,
 To bloom sac braw when ye're awa',
 And perpetuate your name. A. P. A.

August 1879.

NEWHAVEN FISH DINNER.

Air—"Woo'd and Married and a'."

I'LL never forget last June
Tho' I live till the day that I dee.
To Newhaven I gaed awa' doun
To dine wi' the R. T. C.
I had dined for a year i' the toun,
On beef, and mutton, and ham,
Till at last they wad hardly gae doun,
And eating was only a cram.
Beef and mutton and ham,
Ham and mutton and beef,
I had eaten them *ad nauseam*,
And I sighed for some kind o' relief.

So weel you may guess the delight,
The joy that arose within me,
When Cunynghame sent his invite
To dine with the R. T. C.

To dine within sicht of the sea,
To dine upon naething but fish,
It was the fulfilment to me
Of my maist alimentary wish.
Doun by the side o' the sea,
Doun by the smell o' the brine,
In sicht o' the boats on the sea,
And on fishes alane to dine.

There was soup, but I let it gae by,—
It's a slaister I never could eat,
It spoils your thirst when your dry,
And ruins a guid appeteet.
But saumon new ta'en frae the Tay,
Curdy and soaked in its bree,
And turbot fresh up frae the May—
They are the farin' for me.
Saumon new drawn frae the sea,
Wi' turbot gangs brawly thegither,
O' the ane I took helpins three,
And three helpins I took o' the ither.

There were haddies, and whiting, and cod,
Boiled, and curried, and fried,
Flounders and skate *à la mode*,
And a guid round dozen beside.

I tackled each ane as it cam',
 Whatever its manner might be,
And atween them I aye took a dram
 To gar them the better agree.
 Haddies, and flounders, and skate,
 And whiting wi' tails thro' their een,—
I cared na a fig what I ate,
 For I aye took a dram between.

Fifteen courses of fish !
 Like a dream they came and they went.
I revelled in every dish,
 Until like a drum I was stent.
I was glad to be done with them a',
 When in their cam' a crab pie,
So I let out a button or twa,
 For I couldna see it gae by.
 I wrastled wi' that crab pie,—
 How I managed I never could tell,—
But far from lettin' 't gae by,
 I took a whole crab to mysel'.

'T is said that the stamick o' man
 Can haud three pints and nae mair ;
But it surely has power to expan'
 When a lang fish dinner's the fare.

Twenty helpins had I,
An' atween every helpin' a dram,
And aye when I felt kind o' dry
I took a bit glassie o' *cham.*,
A guid mony glasses o' *cham.*,
And o' helpins a score and three,
And atween a' the helpins a dram
To gar them the better agree.

Last June I shall never forget,
And the revelry doun by the sea,
I sigh when I meditate yet
On the day that cam' after the spree.
As the sunshine is chased by the cloud,
So the grave follows close on the gay,
And the next day was clad in a shroud
Of the soberest somberest grey.
Oh, whisky 's a very guid drink,
And champagne is maybe anither ;
Tak' either you like, as you think,
But dinna mix baith thegither.

A. P. A.



OUR KAIL YARD.¹

THERE grew a bonnie tattie plot in our kail yard,
And grossets round the borders o' 't in our kail yard,
And leeks and neeps to mak the kail
On which the bairnies fared,
And o' cabbages the very wale
In our kail yard.

For Willie delved and wrought awa in our kail yard,
An' never was a plot sae braw as our kail yard,
And nane in a' the country side
Could be wi' it compared.
The neebors lookit a' wi' pride
On our kail yard.

But in a maist unlucky hour for our kail yard
Our Willie gaed to hear Balfour in his kail yard,
An' aff to gather weeds wi' him
He ilka week repaired,
An' syne cam' hame and planted them
In our kail yard.

¹ Written for the Scottish Alpine Botanical Club.

An' now ye ne'er saw sic a mess as our kail yard,—
The garden now 's a wilderness in our kail yard.

O' a' the bonnie blades that grew
There 's ne'er a ane been spared,
There 's no enoo to feed a sow
In our kail yard.

There 's hemlocks, charlocks, chickenweed, in our kail yard,
An' a' the stangles grow to seed in our kail yard,
The neebors laugh ahint the wa',
The very craws are scared,
An' flee awa' wi' jeering caw
Frae our kail yard.

The bonnie plot whaur tatties grew in our kail yard
Is a' stuck o'er wi' tallics now in our kail yard,
An' siccan names are written down,
Sic nonsense by the yard,
I blush for edication
In our kail yard.

There 's what they ca' a rockery in our kail yard,
It 's just a perfect mockery in our kail yard,—
A heap o' mickle jaggit stanes
That ne'er were hewn nor squared,
It looks just like a wreckit dyke
In our kail yard.

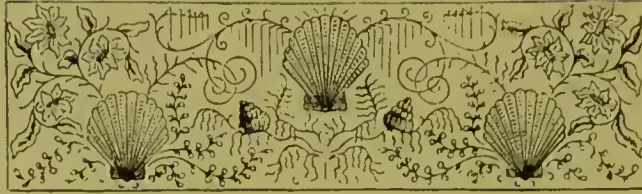
O'er a' the bonnie borders in our kail yard
There's what's ca'd nat'ral orders in our kail yard.
An' weel eneuch for naturals
Wi' faculties impaired,
But what hae they at a' to dae
Wi' our kail yard?

Now that's what Botany has done for our kail yard,
Oh! surely it's a shame and sin in our kail yard.
Oh! were Balfour within my power,
What ills we'd a' be spared,
His doctrines nane wad hear again
In his kail yard.

A. P. A.

June 1877.





KING SOLOMON.



KING SOLOMON, in days of yore,
Had many precious things in store.
Of wisdom—which he prized the most—
Complete possession he could boast.

And so he sought—'t was right he should—
What is on earth the greatest good ;
But only left this legacy
To us, that all is vanity.

Though woman's smile enhance each joy
Your pleasure still contains alloy,
Who seven hundred wives had, he
Says every thing is vanity.

Nor perfect pleasure find we can
In wine that glads the heart of man ;
For laughter's mad, and mirth folly,
And both of course are vanity.

Of songs friend Sol. at least wrote one,
Or he had not been David's son ;
A family failing 't was, you see,
Since song is also vanity.

Shun sensuous joys and work the brain,
And profit with your pleasure gain ;
Much study makes the flesh weary,
Says Sol., and all is vanity.

Toil not at all, the answer next,
And thus avoid a spirit vexed ;
But idle hands, like Hart's Chinee,
Play tricks that too are vanity.

The sage, the pros. and cons. gone through,
Says nothing man can better do
Than eat and drink and pleasure find
In work that's nearest to his mind.

Then let us labour, eat, and drink,—
It's sound advice to all, I think,—
Nor song nor loving woman shirk,
As none could call that pleasant work.

R. C. M.

November 1874.

I AM A DOCTOR.

I AM a doctor, as you know, sirs,
And I have made the trade to pay,
If you would like, the way I'll show, sirs,
At once without delay.
But on honour now I beg that
You'll promise me you'll never say
I stick it on, I stick it on
The little bill at Christmas day.

I got a nobby little brougham, sirs,
With which in state I sweep the street,
And then a nobby little groom, sirs,
To set upon the high box seat,
And though within a little circle
No doubt my modest practice lay,
I stick it on, &c.

My coats are always made in London,
In the most tip-top shop in town,
My shiny boots no time is spared on,
My kids a rather lightish brown,
My waistcoats washed so smooth and faultless,
My trousers Oxford mixture grey,
I stick them on, &c.

I'm most particular, of all things,
About my shirts and my white ties,
You 'd ne'er believe that in such small things
The road to certain fortune lies.
And though your laundress should be greedy
And through the nose she makes you pay,
Just stick it on, &c.

My manner for the married ladies
Is most affectionate respect,
And if a little scandal said is,
'Tis not without the best effect.
And if you praise their sons and daughters
In a not much too modest way,
Just stick it on, &c.

But with the men I'm much more hearty,—
Still always scandal, but more fun,
Such as "Well, Thomson," or "Old Party,
How are the troubles getting on?"
And if his liver's wrong with brandy,
Just try some whiskey's, what I'll say,
And stick it on, &c.

I dote upon the little children,
And with the worst I get along,
If kind words and sweeties fail, then
I've even tried a comic song.
But if they're rough, and pull me much about
In a too "sweet and childish" way,
I stick it on, &c.

When my patients physic swallow,
It's mostly very hot and strong,
For sure if marked effects don't follow,
The dose is certain to be wrong.
But for aqua pump to certain folks
With spiritus lavandulæ,
I stick it on, &c.

A decent dinner invitation
I never am known to decline,
Unless to my intense vexation
I am elsewhere engaged to dine.
Then I make a ceremonious call,
For which my patient friend must pay
I stick it on, &c.

Of course tobacco I don't care for,
And snuffing is not very clean ;
The very slightest touched with liquor
I'm glad I never yet was seen.
But then for all these deprivations
There is a reckoning on the way,
I stick them on, &c.

I try to be all things to all men,
I try to none to give offence,
And I always base my practice, when
I can, on common sense.
And so I've never found excuses fail,
Though I'm bald and getting grey,
To stick it on, &c.

R. C. M.



THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

(“Wohlfahrt nach Kevlaar.”)

HEINE, 1822.

I.



At the window stood the mother,
On the bed the son doth lie.
“Arise and see, dear William,
The pilgrims passing by.”

“I am so sick, dear mother,
I neither hear nor see,
I think on my dead Gretchen,
And my heart lies dead in me.”

“Bestir! we will to Kevlaar,
Our book and rosary take,
God’s Mother there will heal thee
Thy weary sad heart’s ache.”

The holy banners flutter,
The pilgrims raise their song
As by the ancient city,
And Rhine they pass along.

Behind them walks the mother,
Her son upholdeth she,
The two they join the chorus,
"All praise to thee, Marie."

II.

The Mother of God in Kevlaar
Is decked in dainty cloak,
To-day she has much to compass
In healing sickly folk.

At her shrine the sick ones proffer
A hand or foot of wax,
Which tells the Holy Mother
Of weary pains and wracks.

To him who offers the wax hand,
His hand is cured the wound ;
To him who offers the wax foot,
His foot comes whole and sound.

To Kevlaar crawled many on crutches,
Who now on the tight-rope bound ;
Full many now play on the fiddle,
Who erst had no finger sound.

The mother she took a candle,
And fashioned thereof a heart,
"God's Mother ! I send this token,
I pray thee, cure his smart."

The son he takes the wax heart,
And wearily seeks the throne,
And wearily well up the heart's tears,
As he lifts his weary moan.

"Thou purest and blessedest Virgin,
Thou purest maiden of God,
Thou queenly Queen of Heaven,
Take from me this weary load.

"I live with my dear old mother
In Köln, that goodly town,
Which has many hundred churches
And chapels of great renown.

"Close by us lived my Gretchen,
So lately laid in ground ;
Marie ! I bring thee my wax heart,
Heal me my weary wound.

"Heal thou, heal thou my sick heart ;
Morning and even I'll raise
The prayer from out my bosom,
'To Holy Marie be praise.'"

III.

The sick son and the mother
Lay in a chamber small,
Came there of God the Mother,
All silent her foot-fall.

She bent her over the sick one,
So gently she laid her hand,
All so gently over the sick heart,
And smiled benignly grand.

The mother saw all in dreamland,
And much more might have seen,
But she was aroused from slumber
By a dog's bark, loud and keen.

There lay her son outstretchéd,
Her son—but he was dead ;
There played on his whitened features
The lightening morning's red.

Her hands the mother folded,
She felt—she knew not how ;
With holiest fervour prayed she,
“ Sweet Marie, praised be thou.”

J. B. T.



THE DOCTOR AND THE GOUTY ONE.

("Der Leibarzt und der Trinker.")

SCHUBARTH, 1810.

QUOTH Peddie, come give up this folly,
You'll die, if ye give not up wine.
Gout, whisky, and brandy and "polli,"¹
To a fatal result must combine.

I swore, on a chestful of Bibles,
For a year and a day to abstain—
But two weeks of horror unrivalled,
Forced the foolish oath out of my brain.

Ach! how pleasant to taste again rightly!
How active my thoughts and my mind!
How calmly I slept, and how brightly,
Myself unto Death I resigned!

Death, hear me! they all around tell me
You'll come if I give not up wine.
Well, if thou must, prithee come take me,
For my flask I can never decline.

J. B. T.

¹ Apollinaris.

ES ZOGEN DREI BURSCHE WOHL ÜBER DEN
RHEIN.

UHLAND, 1809.

THREE merry students crossed over the Rhine,
At a cosy old tavern they'd trysted to dine.

"Frau Wirthin, hast thou good beer and wine,
And—where is that bonnie wee daughter of thine?"

"All I have in my house is bright and clear—
My dautie she lies on her funeral bier."

And as they entered the chamber grim,
There calmly she lay in the light so dim.

The first the veil from the dead face raised,
And with sorrowful glance on the features gazed,

"Ah! didst thou but breathe, thou beautiful maid,
I would cherish and love thee till time should fade!"

The second the veil o'er the still face drew,
And with weary step paced the chamber through:

"Is it thou, is it thou, who art sleeping here?
Thou, the one I have loved this many a year!"

The third with anguish it backward threw,
And kissed the sweet lips, though ashen their hue:

"I ever have loved thee, I love thee to-day,
My love shall be thine for ever and aye!"

J. B. T.

THE HEART'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NO doubt you all have heard the tale, in novels and romances,
Of how a heart was lost and won, and all its other
chances ;

But I have got a tale to tell not nearly so seraphic—
It is the history of a heart quite autobiographic.

With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

My life began where many end, for first I got the *sac*, sirs,
A mere dilated tube I was, at least so says Remak, sirs.
But not content with such a state, ambition so outgrows us,
I was bent on forming other sacs and a Bulb Arteriosus.

With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

Two auricles and ventricles came out in course of time, sirs ;
I threw out veins and arteries whose names wont suit for rhyme,
sirs ;

All I can do is to refer the student to Herr Rathke,
For I must honestly confess that I worked in the dark, sir.

With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

I fell into a vortex deep, though not of dissipation
(This Pettigrew has told you of in his famous dissertation),
For, though I took my liquor well, it nothing did avail me,
It ran right through as soon as drunk by my foramen ovale.

With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

But suddenly a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, sirs,—
An inspiration caught me up and modified my stream, sirs,
Which started off to left and right, through artery and vein it
 ran,
No longer useless now I was, for I a life-long work began
 Of lupp, dupp, lupp.

My inner life I've slightly sketched, I will not run the danger
Of telling you what all befell since "Welcome, little stranger"
Impinged upon my auricles; I only wish to point my tale
By one reflection which will not a heavy loss of time entail.
 With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

When casting off my mother's aid, I thought with all things
 feminine
That I was done, my action free in matters extra-uterine;
But wrong I was, for soon I found a heart is not a heart, sirs,
Until sweet woman on it plays and in it sticks her dart, sirs.
 With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

So here's the toast of woman's love, right well you will receive
 it;
It works the heart from first to last and seldom does deceive it;
By nerveless cord in early life we bound were to our mothers,
A nervous cord now holds us all as husbands or as lovers.
 With my lupp, dupp, lupp.

J. B. T.

GERMS, BUSY GERMS.

GERMS, busy germs, I know not what they mean
G Germs ever floating to prevent repair,
Resting on wounds however small their size,
Whate'er may be their tendency to heal,
And keeping up the irritable sore.

Deftly we hold the thin carbolic veil
That hides our patient from the septic world,
Guards from the rose which reddens over him
Who, unprotected from the awful scourge,
Would sink beneath the irritable sore.

Ah! sad and strange, as in bright summer morns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened clerk
Is output by the thought that Lister's eyes
Will see that all is not exactly square,
So turns to dress the irritable sore.

Where are those foul discharges stopping breath,
Fouler than those by hopeless fancy feigned?
Gone my pyæmic foes, to Hades sent
By hydrocarbons, which, in checking death,
Give life unto the irritable sore.

J. B. T.

A CONCEIT.

HEINE.

MISS JOY, she is a light young girl,
In one fixed spot not prone to stay,—
She from your forehead strokes a curl,
Gives one short kiss, and flits away.

'Tis otherwise with Madame Worry,—
She closely to your bosom fits,
She says she's in no sort of hurry,
Sits down upon your bed--and knits.

J. B. T.



MODEST AIMS.



ASK not beauty, wealth, nor wit,
Nor venous blood from countless sires :
A modest share of each will fit
The measure of my soft desires.
I own I am not hard to please
In trifling matters such as these.

I ask not beauty : Juno's eyes,
Sweet Venus' lips, Minerva's nose,
Forehead and chin in form and size
In keeping with such types as those
Will answer one not hard to please
In trifling matters such as these.

I want no stately queen of heaven,
 With girth too small for mortal man ;
I ask no more than five feet seven,
 No less than sixteen inches span.
I own I am not hard to please
In trifling matters such as these.

I want not dainty fairy feet
 Too small for earth, too big for air,
In length and breadth and form complete,
 With instep high beyond compare.
I own I am not hard to please ;
I ask nor more nor less than "Threes."

I ask not wealth in boundless store,
 Only (I hate these sordid men)—
To keep the wolf without the door—
 Some yearly hundreds—eight to ten.
I own I am not hard to please
In trifling matters such as these.

I ask no sweet expanding bud
 From some antique patrician tree,
If of her rich ten pounds of blood
 Six pounds or more blue Norman be.
I own I am not hard to please
In trifling matters such as these.

I ask not wit, nor doubtful talk
 Of slippery science from the schools;
 Nor "culture" from "the higher walk,"
 Æsthetic froth of maudlin fools;
 If only—(I'm not hard to please)—
 She read Sordello's tale with ease.

I only ask each candidate
 To state her wealth—perhaps her age,
 And not on alien themes to prate,
 Nor write me more than half a page.
 For I shall not be hard to please
 In trifling matters such as these.

R. L.



THE SONG OF THE SPORES.

THE following students' song, written when Professor Lister held the Chair of Clinical Surgery in Edinburgh University, anticipated the honour of a baronetcy, which was recently conferred upon him.

WHEN you open your mouth or breathe through your nose,
I am sure you are all aware, oh !
You take in as many live things at a dose
As bothered the life out of Pharaoh.
For they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

They dart in and out, and they rush out and in
With a freedom that makes people stare, oh !
And if every one thinks of incising the skin,
The vermin are sure to be there, oh !
For they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

They assume many forms as they change their abode,
Some are stout ones, but others are spare, oh !

They are round like a cell, or resemble a rod,
As they wriggle about in the air, oh !
For they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

Some say they are starch, and some say they are soot,
And they think it's a paltry affair, oh !
To smother such stuff in " carbolic dilute "
With the greatest precision and care, oh !
While they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

But others believe that such pests are the cause
Of disease neither little nor rare, oh !
So they kill them with lac and with spray and with gauze,
As proclaimed from the Clinical Chair, oh !
While they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

So sing to the praise of the wonderful Joe,
Who controls all the powers of the air, oh !
Laying sporules and germs and vibrios low,
As they dance on the stump that is bare, oh !
For they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

May the sporicide rise, and with each passing day
Drench the vermin before they're aware, oh !

With the clear sparkling foam of the murderous spray
As they circle about in the air, oh !
For they float on the tide of the air, air, air,
They float on the tide of the air.

And may swift-wingéd Time hasten onward in flight,
Till it joyfully comes to declare, oh !
That the spore-killer ranks as a baronet or knight,
For exploits in the Clinical Chair, oh !
For he kills every germ in the air, air, air,
He kills every germ in the air.

R. L.



F I N I S .



